RAYMOND REVISED

SIR OLIVER LODGE

J. Cyril Smethurst.

RAYMOND REVISED

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SUBSTANCE OF FAITH, ALLIED WITH SCIENCE
MAN AND THE UNIVERSE
THE SURVIVAL OF MAN
REASON AND BELIEF
MODERN PROBLEMS
THE WAR AND AFTER

ALSO

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE (Macmillan)
EASY MATHEMATICS (Macmillan)
CONTINUITY, *Pres. Address to Brit. Assoc. 1913* (Dent)
ELECTRONS (Bell)
THE ETHER OF SPACE (Harper)
MODERN VIEWS OF MATTER (Clarendon Press)
MODERN VIEWS OF ELECTRICITY (Macmillan, out of print)
SIGNALLING WITHOUT WIRES ('Electrician' Co.)
LIFE AND MATTER (Williams & Norgate)
Etc., Etc.

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RAYMOND

RAYMOND REVISED

A New and Abbreviated Edition of
"RAYMOND OR LIFE AND DEATH"
with an additional chapter

BY

SIR OLIVER J. LODGE

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
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TO

HIS MOTHER AND FAMILY

WITH GRATITUDE FOR PERMISSION
TO USE PRIVATE MATERIAL
FOR PUBLIC ENDS

Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys.

WORDSWORTH, *Sonnet* XXVI

PREFACE

"RAYMOND REVISED" is a much altered form of "Raymond"; it contains a totally new Chapter about more recent conversations (Chapter XIX) and an explanatory Chapter (XX) about points which have seemed specially open to hostile criticism; also each of the Three Parts has been shortened and simplified, and to some extent rearranged. A few copies of the fuller and original edition, now the twelfth, are still available, and will I hope remain so for a time, for students, though as it stands now the book is easier than the old one for the general reader.

I wish to call attention to Part III, and ask critics to read it, because that is the fruit of Part II; and it is easier to judge of these deductions than of the raw material of Part II, where rapid readers may stray among stumbling-blocks only tractable by serious students of the subject who are familiar with the Proceedings of the S.P.R. and other forms of psychical literature. Raymond is rather keen about "Raymond Revised" and hopes that it may be of extended use.

OLIVER J. LODGE

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is named after my son who was killed in the War.

I have made no secret of my conviction, not merely that personality persists, but that its continued existence is more entwined with the life of every day than has been generally imagined; that there is no real breach of continuity between the dead and the living; and that methods of intercommunion across what has seemed to be a gulf exist and are effective in response to the urgent demand of affection, —that in fact, as Diotima told Socrates (*Symposium*, 202 and 203), LOVE BRIDGES THE CHASM.

Nor is it affection only that controls and empowers supernormal intercourse: scientific interest and missionary zeal constitute supplementary motives which are found efficacious; and it has been mainly through efforts so actuated that I and some others have been gradually convinced, by direct experience, of a fact which before long must become patent to mankind.

Hitherto I have testified to occurrences and messages of which the motive was intellectual rather than emotional: and though much, very much, even of this evidence remains inaccessible to the public, yet a good deal has appeared from time to time by many writers in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, and in my personal collection called *The Survival of Man*. No one therefore will be surprised if I now further testify concerning communications which come home to me in a peculiar sense; communications from which sentiment is not excluded, though still they appear to be guided and managed with

intelligent and on the whole evidential purpose. These are what I now decide to publish.

Messages of an intelligible though rather recondite character from 'Myers' began to reach me indeed a week or two before the death of my son; and nearly all the messages received since his death differ greatly in character from those which in the old days were received through any medium with whom I sat. No youth was then represented as eager to communicate; and though friends were described as sending messages, the messages were represented as coming from appropriate people—members of an elder generation, leaders of the Society for Psychical Research, and personal acquaintances. Whereas now, whenever any member of the family visits anonymously a competent medium, the same youth soon comes to the fore and is represented as eager to prove his personal survival and identity.

I consider that he has done so. And the family scepticism, which for the first few months was rather strong, is now, I may fairly say, overborne by the facts. How far these facts can be conveyed to the sympathetic understanding of strangers, I am doubtful. But I must plead for a patient hearing; and if I make mistakes, either in what I include or in what for brevity I omit, or if my notes and comments fail in clearness, I bespeak a friendly interpretation: for it is truly from a sense of duty that in so personal a matter I lay myself open to harsh and perhaps cynical criticism.

It may be said—Why attach so much importance to one individual case? I do not attach special importance to it, but every individual case is of moment, because in such a matter the maxim *Ex uno disce omnes* is strictly applicable. If we can establish the survival of any single ordinary individual we have established it for all.

I myself considered that the fact of survival had been practically proven before, and that the proof had been clinched by the efforts of Myers and others of the S.P.R. group on the other side; but evidence is cumulative, and the discussion of a fresh case in no way weakens those that have gone before. Each stick of the faggot must be tested,

and, unless absolutely broken, it adds to the strength of the bundle.

To base so momentous a conclusion as a scientific demonstration of human survival on any single instance, if it were not sustained on all sides by a great consensus of similar evidence, would doubtless be unwise ; for some other explanation of a merely isolated case would have to be sought. But we are justified in examining the evidence for any case of which all the details are known, and in trying to set forth the truth of it as completely and fairly as we may.

PART I

NORMAL PORTION

And this to fill us with regard for man,
With apprehension of his passing worth.

BROWNING, *Paracelsus*

CHAPTER I

IN MEMORIAM

THE bare facts are much as reported in *The Times* :—

Second Lieutenant Raymond Lodge was the youngest son of Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge, and was by taste and training an engineer. He volunteered for service in September, 1914, and was at once given a commission in the 3rd South Lancashires. After training near Liverpool and Edinburgh, he went to the Front in the early spring of 1915, attached to the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment of the Regular Army, and was soon in the trenches near Ypres or Hooge. His engineering skill was of service in details of trench construction, and he later was attached to a Machine-Gun Section for a time, and had various escapes from shell fire and shrapnel. His Captain having sprained an ankle, he was called back to Company work, and at the time of his death was in command of a Company engaged in some early episode of an attack or attempted advance which was then beginning. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the attack on Hooge Hill on September 14, 1915, and died in a few hours.

Raymond Lodge had been educated at Bedales School and Birmingham University. He had a great aptitude and love for mechanical engineering, and was soon to have become a partner with his elder brothers, who highly valued his services, and desired his return to assist in the Government work which now occupies their firm.

In amplification of this bare record a few members of the family wrote reminiscences of him, and the following memoir is by his eldest brother :—

RAYMOND LODGE
(1889–1915)

By O. W. F. L.

Most lives have marriages, births of children, productive years; but the lives of the defenders of their Country are short and of majestic simplicity. The obscure records of childhood, the few years of school and university and constructive and inventive work, and the sudden sacrifice of all the promise of the future, of work, of home, of love; the months of hard living and hard work well carried through, the cheerful humorous letters home making it out all very good fun; and in front, in a strange ruined and desolate land, certain mutilation or death. And now that death has come,

> Unto each man his handiwork, to each his crown,
> The just Fate gives;
> Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
> He, dying so, lives.[1]

My brother was born at Liverpool on January 25, 1889, and was at Bedales School for five or six years, and afterwards at Birmingham University, where he studied engineering and was exceptionally competent in the workshop. He went through the usual two years' practical training at the Wolseley Motor Works, and then entered his brothers' works, where he remained until he obtained a commission at the outbreak of war.

His was a mind of rare stamp. It had unusual power, unusual quickness, and patience and understanding of difficulties in my experience unparalleled, so that he was able to make anyone understand really difficult things. I think we were most of us proudest and most hopeful of him. Some of us, I did myself, sometimes took problems technical or intellectual to him, sure of a wise and sound solution.

[1] Swinburne, *Super Flumina Babylonis, Songs before Sunrise.*

Though his chief strength lay on the side of mechanical and electrical engineering it was not confined to that. He read widely, and liked good literature of an intellectual and witty but not highly imaginative type, at least I do not know that he read Shelley or much of William Morris, but he was fond of Fielding, Pope, and Jane Austen. Naturally he read Shakespeare, and I particularly associate him with *Twelfth Night*, *Love's Labour Lost*, and *Henry IV*. Among novelists, his favourites, after Fielding and Miss Austen, were, I believe, Dickens and Reade; and he frequently quoted from the essays and letters of Charles Lamb.

. . . . .

That death is the end has never been a Christian doctrine, and evidence collected by careful men in our own day has, perhaps needlessly, upheld with weak props of experiment the mighty arch of Faith. Death is real and grievous, and is not to be tempered by the glossing timidities of those who would substitute journalese like 'passing-on', 'passing-over', etc., for that awful word: but it is the end of a stage, not the end of the journey. The road stretches on beyond that inn, and beyond our imagination, 'the moonlit endless way'.

Let us think of him then, not as lying near Ypres with all his work ended, but rather, after due rest and refreshment, continuing his noble and useful career in more peaceful surroundings, and quietly calling us, his family, from intemperate grief to resolute and high endeavour.

Indeed, it is not right that we should weep for a death like his. Rather let us pay him our homage in praise and imitation, by growing like him and by holding our lives lightly in our Country's service, so that if need be we may die like him. This is true honour and his best memorial.

Not that I would undervalue those of brass or stone, for if vigorous they are good and worthy things. But fame illuminates memorials, and fame has but a narrow opening in a life of twenty-six years.

Who shall remember him, who climb
His all-unripened fame to wake,
Who dies an age before his time?
But nobly, but for England's sake.

Who will believe us when we cry
He was as great as he was brave?
His name that years had lifted high
Lies buried in that Belgian grave.

O strong and patient, kind and true,
Valiant of heart, and clear of brain—
They cannot know the man we knew,
Our words go down the wind like rain.

O. W. F. L.

Tintern, 1915

REMINISCENCES BY O. J. L.

Of all my sons, the youngest, when he was small, was most like myself at the same age. In bodily appearance I could recognize the likeness to my early self, as preserved in old photographs; an old schoolfellow of mine who knew me between the ages of eight and eleven, visiting Mariemont in April, 1904, remarked on it forcibly and at once, directly he saw Raymond—then a schoolboy; and innumerable small mental traits in the boy recalled to me my childhood's feelings. Even an absurd difficulty he had as a child in saying the hard letters—the hard G and K—was markedly reminiscent of my own similar difficulty.

At a later stage of boyhood I perceived that his ability and tastes were akin to mine, for we had the same passionate love of engineering and machinery; though in my case, having no opportunity of exercising it to any useful extent, it gradually turned into special aptitude for physical science. Raymond was never anything like as good at physics, nor had he the same enthusiasm for mathematics that I had, but he was better at engineering, was in many ways I consider stronger in character, and would have made, I expect, a first-rate engineer. His pertinacious ability in the mechanical and workshop direction was very marked. Nothing could

RAYMOND WHEN TWO YEARS OLD

have been further from his natural tastes and proclivities than to enter upon a military career; nothing but a sense of duty impelled him in that direction, which was quite foreign to family tradition, at least on my side.

He also excelled me in a keen sense of humour—not only appreciation, but achievement. The whole family could not but admire and enjoy the readiness with which he perceived at once the humorous side of everything; and he usually kept lively any gathering of which he was a unit. At school, indeed, his active wit rather interfered with the studies of himself and others, and in the supposed interests of his classmates it had to be more or less suppressed, but to the end he continued to be one of the wags of the school.

Being so desperately busy all my life I failed to see as much as I should like either of him or of the other boys, but there was always an instinctive sympathy between us; and it is a relief to me to be unable to remember any, even a single, occasion on which I have been vexed with him. In all serious matters he was, as far as I could judge, one of the best youths I have ever known; and we all looked forward to a happy life for him and a brilliant career.

He got on admirably with workmen; his mode of dealing with overbearing foremen at the Wolseley Works, where he was for some years an apprentice, was testified to as masterly, and was much appreciated by his 'mates'; and honestly I cannot bethink myself of any trait in his character which I would have had different—unless it be that he might have had a more thorough liking and aptitude for, and greater industry in, my own subject of physics.

When the war broke out, his mother and I were in Australia, and it was some time before we heard that he had considered it his duty to volunteer. He did so in September, 1914, getting a commission in the Regular Army which was antedated August; and he threw himself into military duties with the same ability and thoroughness as he had applied to more naturally congenial occupations. He went through a course of training at Great Crosby, near Liverpool, with the Regiment in which he was a Second Lieutenant, namely the 3rd South Lancashires, being attached to the 2nd when

he went to the Front; his Company spent the winter in more active service on the south coast of the Firth of Forth and Edinburgh; and he gained his desired opportunity to go out to Flanders on March 15, 1915. Here he applied his engineering faculty to trench and shelter construction, in addition to ordinary military duties; and presently he became a machine-gun officer. How desperately welcome to the family his safe return would have been, at the end of the war, I need not say. He had a hard and strenuous time at the Front, and we all keenly desired to make it up to him by a course of home 'spoiling'. But it was too much to hope for—though I confess I did hope for it.

He has entered another region of service now; and this we realize. For though in the first shock of bereavement the outlook on life felt irretrievably darkened, a perception of his continued usefulness has mercifully dawned upon us, and we know that his activity is not over. His bright ingenuity will lead to developments beyond what we could have anticipated; and we have clear hopes for the future.

O. J. L.

MARIEMONT, *September* 30, 1915

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

Written on a scrap of paper, September 26, 1915, *and picked up by* O. J. L. *without her knowledge.*

"To ease the pain and to try to get in touch."

'Raymond, darling, you have gone from our world, and *oh*, to ease the pain. I want to know if you are happy, and that you *yourself* are really talking to me and no sham.

'No more letters from you, my own dear son, and I have loved them so. They are all there; we shall have them typed together into a sort of book.

'Now we shall be parted until I join you there. I have not seen as much of you as I wanted on this earth, but I do love to think of the bits I have had of you, specially our

journeys to and from Italy. I had you to myself then, and you were so dear.

'I want to say, dear, how we recognize the glorious way in which you have done your duty, with a certain straight pressing on, never letting anyone see the effort, and with your fun and laughter playing round all the time, cheering and helping others. You know how your brothers and sisters feel your loss, and your poor father!'

THE religious side of Raymond was hardly known to the family; but among his possessions at the Front was found a small pocket Bible called "The Palestine Pictorial Bible" (Pearl 24mo), Oxford University Press, in which a number of passages are marked; and on the fly-leaf, pencilled in his writing, is an index to these passages, which page I copy here:—

	PAGE
Ex. xxxiii. 14	63
St. John xiv.	689
Eph. ii.	749
Neh. i. 6, 11	337
St. John xvi. 33	689
Rom. viii. 35	723
St. Matt. xi. 28	616
Ps. cxxiv. 8	415
Ps. xliii. 2	468
Deut. xxxiii. 27	151
Deut. xxxii. 43	150
Isa. li. 12	473
Isa. lii. 12	474
Jude 24	784
Ezra ix. 9	335
Isa. xii. 2	451
Isa. i. 18	445
Isa. xl. 31	467
Rev. vii. 14	788
Rev. xxi. 4	795

MIZPAH. Gen. xxxi. 49.

R. L.

14/8/15

CHAPTER II

RAYMOND AT THE FRONT

I SHALL now quote extracts from letters which Raymond wrote to members of his family during the time he was serving in Flanders, in order to make him better known to the reader ; but in this edition I shall select only a few.

A short note made by me the day after he first started for the Front may serve as a sufficient statement of fact :—

Mariemont, Edgbaston,
March 16, 1915

Raymond was recently transferred back from Edinburgh to Great Crosby near Liverpool ; and once more began life in tents or temporary sheds.

Yesterday morning, Monday the 15th March, one of the subalterns was ordered to the Front ; he went to a doctor, who refused to pass him, owing to some temporary indisposition. Raymond was then asked if he was fit : he replied, Perfectly. So at 10 a.m. he was told to start for France that night. Accordingly he packed up ; and at 3.0 we at Mariemont received a telegram from him asking to be met at 5 p.m., and saying he could spend six hours at home.

His mother unfortunately was in London, and for many hours was inaccessible. At last some of the telegrams reached her, at 7 p.m., and she came by the first available (slow) train from Paddington, getting here at 11.

Raymond took the midnight train to Euston ; his brothers, Alec, Lionel, and Noël accompanying him. They would reach Euston at 3.50 a.m. and have two hours to wait, when he was to meet a Captain [Capt. Taylor], and start from Waterloo for Southampton. The boys intended to see him off at Waterloo, and then return home to their war-business as quickly as they could.

He seems quite well ; but naturally it has been rather a strain for the family : as the same sort of thing has been for so many other families.

O. J. L.

'*Hotel Dervaux, 75, Grande Rue,*
'*Boulogne-sur-Mer,*
'*Wednesday, March* 24, 1915, 11.30 *a.m.*

'Following on my recent dispatch, I have the honour to report that we have got stuck here on our way to the Front.

'My servant has been invaluable *en route* and he has caused us a great deal of amusement. He hunted round at the goods station at Rouen (whence we started) and found a large circular tin. He pierced this all over to form a brazier and attached a wire handle. As soon as we got going he lit this, having filled it with coal purloined from somewhere, and when we stopped by the wayside about 10 or 11 p.m. he supplied my compartment (four officers) with fine hot tea. He had previously purchased some condensed milk. He also saw to it that a large share of the rations, provided by the authorities before we left, fell to our share, and looked after us and our baggage in the most splendid way.

'He insists on treating the train as a tram. As soon as it slows down to four miles an hour, he is down on the permanent way gathering firewood or visiting some railway hut in search of plunder. He rides with a number of other servants in the baggage wagon, and as they had no light he nipped out at a small station and stole one of the railwaymen's lamps. However, there was a good deal of fuss, and the owner came and indignantly recovered it.

'As soon as we stop anywhere, he lowers out of his van the glowing brazier. He keeps it burning in the van! I wonder the railway authorities don't object. If they do, of course he pretends not to understand any French.

'He often gets left behind on the line, and has to scramble into our carriage, where he regales us with his life history until the next stop, when he returns to his own van.

'Altogether he is a very rough customer and wants a lot of watching—all the same he makes an excellent servant.'

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT IN FLANDERS

'*Friday, March* 26, 1915

'I arrived here yesterday about 5 p.m., and found the Battalion resting from the trenches. We all return there on Sunday evening.

'I got a splendid reception from my friends here, and they have managed to get me into an excellent Company, all the officers of which are my friends. This place is very muddy, but better than it was, I understand. We are in tents.

'I am now permanently attached to C Company and am devoutly thankful. Captain T. is in command and the subalterns are Laws, Fletcher, and Thomas, all old friends of mine. F. was the man whose room I shared at Edinburgh. . . . Thank you very much for your letter wondering where I am. "Very pressing are the Germans," a buried city.'

[This, of course, privately signified to the family that he was at Ypres.]

'*April* 1, 1915, 1.15 *p.m.*

'We dug trenches by night on Monday and Wednesday, and although we were only about 300 to 500 yards from the enemy we had a most peaceful time, only a very few stray bullets whistling over from time to time.'

'*Thursday, April* 8, 1915

'Here I am back again in "Rest Billets", for six days' rest. When I set off for the six days' duty I was ardently looking forward to this moment, but there is not much difference; here we "pig" it pretty comfortably in a house, and there we "pig" it almost as comfortably in a "dug-out". There we are exposed to rifle fire, nearly all unaimed, and here we are exposed to shell fire—aimed, but from about five miles away.

'I am awfully grateful for all the things that have been sent, and are being sent. . . . I will attach a list of wants at the end of this letter. I am very insatiable (that's not quite the word I wanted), but I am going on the principle

that you and the rest of the family are only waiting to gratify my every whim! So, if I think of a thing I ask for it. . . .'

[*To a Brother*]

'*Billets, Tuesday, April* 13, 1915

'We are all right here except for the shells. When I arrived I found every one suffering from nerves and unwilling to talk about shells at all. And now I understand why. The other day a shrapnel burst near our billet and a piece of the case caught one of our servants (Mr. Laws's) on the leg and hand. He lost the fingers of his right hand, and I have been trying to forget the mess it made of his right leg —ever since. He will have had it amputated by now.

'They make you feel awfully shaky, and when one comes over it is surprising the pace at which every one gets down into any ditch or hole near.

'One large shell landed right on the field where the men were playing football on Sunday evening. They all fell flat, and all, I am thankful to say, escaped injury, though a few were within a yard or so of the hole. The other subalterns of the Company and I were (*mirabile dictu*) in church at the time.

'I wonder if you can get hold of some morphia tablets [for wounded men]. I think injection is too complicated, but I understand there are tablets that can merely be placed in the mouth to relieve pain. They might prove very useful in the trenches, because if a man is hit in the morning he will usually have to wait till dark to be removed.

'My revolver has arrived this morning.

'After being relieved in the trenches on Wednesday, and marching back and having a meal with the other officers of C Company in the Reserve Billets (a brewery), it was one o'clock before I got to bed in our little house. And we had to "stand to arms" in the morning for an hour while dawn was breaking (we always do, and at dusk, too). So after this I went to sleep till 2 p.m. I sleep in an outhouse with no door, on straw laid on a brick floor. My groundsheet on the straw, my coat over me, my feet in a sack,

and an air-cushion under my head, and I can sleep as peacefully as at home. The place is swarming with rats and mice, you can hear them directly you lie still. They go " plop, plop, plop ", on the straw overhead, as if they were obliged to take long strides owing to their feet sinking into the straw. Immediately over my head, I should judge there is a family of young rats by the noise. Occasionally they have a stampede and a lot of dust comes down on my face.

' But one gets used to this, and muttering " Nom d'un chien ! " one turns the other cheek. By the way, they say these rats " stand to " at dawn, just as we do.

' I am terrified of a rat running over my face, but my servant sleeps with me, so I console myself that the chances are just even that they won't choose me. I wish he wouldn't snore though—he's lowering the odds.

' In the trenches one is not always doing nothing. These last three days in I have been up all night. I had a working party in two shifts working all night and all three nights, digging communication trenches. I used to go to bed about 4.30 a.m. and sleep till lunch-time, and perhaps lie down again for a bit in the afternoon. That is why my letters have not been so frequent.

' It is extraordinary that what is wanted at the moment is not so much a soldier as a civil engineer. There are trenches to be laid out and dug, and the drainage of them to be thought out and carried through. Often the sides have to be " revetted " or staked, and a flooring of boards put in, supported on small piles.

' Then there is the water-supply, where one exists. I have had great fun arranging a " source " in my trench (the support trench that I have been in these last three days and that I have been in often before). A little stream, quite clear and drinkable after boiling, runs out at one place (at about 1 pint a minute !) and makes a muddy mess of the trenches near. By damming it up and putting a water bottle with the bottom knocked in on top of the dam, the water runs in a little stream from the mouth of the bottle. It falls into a hole large enough to receive a stone water-jar, and then

runs away down a deep trough cut beside the trench. Farther down it is again dammed up to form a small basin which the men use for washing ; and it finally escapes into a kind of marshy pond in rear of the trenches.

'I quite enjoyed this job, and there are many like it ; plank bridges to be put up, seats and steps to be cut, etc. One officer put half a dozen of his men on to making a folding bed ! But it was not for himself, but for his Captain, who has meningitis and can't sleep. The men enjoy these jobs, too ; it is much better than doing nothing.

'I will creep back to my quarters now and make myself some tea on my "Primus" (no fires are allowed).

'A cuckoo has been singing on a tree near me—in full view. (It left hurriedly when one of our guns went off close behind the chateau.) The first time I have ever seen one, I think. It is amazing how tame the animals get. They have so much ground to themselves in the daytime—the rats especially ; they flourish freely in the space between the trenches.

'Things are fairly quiet and easy here just now.'

[In one of his letters to me (April 22, 1915), he said he had plenty of time now to watch the stars, and would like a set of star maps or something in order to increase his knowledge of them. Accordingly, I sent him a planisphere which I happened to have—an ingenious cardboard arrangement which can be turned so as to show, in a rough way, the stars visible in these latitudes at any time of day and any period of the year.—O. J. L.]

'*Tuesday, May* 11, 1915, 9.15 *a.m.*
(*really Wednesday the* 12*th. I had got wrong*)

'We are within view of a well-known place [no doubt Ypres], and the place has been on fire in three or four places for about two days, and is still going strong. A magnificent spectacle at night. The place is, I believe, a city of ruins and dead, and there is probably no one to put a fire out. Probably, too, a fire is rather a good thing than otherwise ; the place must be terribly in need of purifying.

'I was awfully interested in father's dream.[1] Your letter is dated the 8th, and you say that the other night he dreamt that I was in the thick of the fighting, but that they were taking care of me from the other side.

'Well, I don't know about "the thick of the fighting", but I have been through what I can only describe as a hell of a shelling with shrapnel. My diary tells me it was the 7th, at about 10.15 a.m. Our Company were ordered forward from one set of dug-outs to others nearer the firing line, and the formation adopted was platoons in single file, with intervals between. That is, four columns of about fifty men each, in single file, with about 20 to 50 yards between each column. I was the third platoon, though I was not with my own but with No. 9. Fletcher brought up the last one.

'Well, anyhow, we had not gone far before the gunners saw us, and an aeroplane was flying along above and with us. They sent over some "Johnsons", but these all went too far; we were screened by a reservoir embankment. However, we had to pass through a ruined village and they knew it, so they put shrapnel over it. Still we were unaffected. But when we came out into the open on the far side, we caught it properly. Shell after shell came over and burst above us, and when I and about three men behind me had just turned a corner one burst above, in exactly the spot I should have wished it to if I had been the enemy. I looked up and saw the air full of flying pieces, some large and some small. These spattered down all around us. I was untouched, but my servant, who was immediately behind me, was hit on the knee, but only wounded slightly. He was rather scared. I led him back round the corner again and put him in a ditch. The rest of the platoon got in too, while I was doing this. I thought that was the best thing they could do until the shelling ceased, but Fletcher shouted that we must get on, whatever happened.

'So I called the men out again, and, leaving a man with the wounded, we set off. I don't believe it was right, but we just walked along. It felt rather awful. (When one is

[1] See Note by O. J. L. at the end of this letter.

retiring it is important not to let the men " double ", as they get out of hand ; but in this case we were advancing, so I think we might have done so.) I felt very much protected. It was really a miracle that we weren't nearly all " wiped out ". The shrapnel seemed very poor stuff. As it was, we had one man killed, and about five or six injured, all more or less slightly.

' We moved up into a support trench that same evening, and after a couple of days we moved a few yards farther to these trenches, which are also support trenches. Things are very quiet, and I am enjoying myself very much. If it wasn't for the unpleasant sights one is liable to see, war would be a most interesting and pleasant affair.

' My friends the other officers of C Company have given me the honorary position of " O.C. Works ". One is always " O.C. something or other " out here—all but the Colonel, he is " C.O." Orders for the day read : " O.C. Companies will do so-and-so ". Then there are O.C. Details, O.C. Reinforcements, etc. " O.C." of course stands for " officer commanding ". Well, I am " O.C. Works ", and have a fine time. I just do any job I fancy, giving preference to trench improvement. It is fine to have at one's disposal a large squad of men with shovels (or without). They fill sandbags and carry them, they carry timber and saw it, and in short do anything that is required. One can accomplish something under these conditions.

' I am rather disappointed that we are going to-night, as Fletcher and I were going to rebuild our dug-out here. We both got very keen indeed and had laid out the plan carefully. (He has been an architect.)

' I had another disappointment when I was back in the wood (as supports). It reminds me of one of our Quarter-master-Sergeants in Edinburgh. He is an Irishman, O'Brien. I found him on the platform while we were waiting to see a draft off ; he looked very despondent. I asked him how he was, and was surprised when he replied, " I've had a reverse, sorr ! " It turned out that he had applied to headquarters for an improvement in his position, and was told he *didn't deserve any*. It had almost broken his heart.

'Well, *I* had a reverse. I was given the job of building a hut and was nearly through with it when we were ordered away. If we get back to the old wood again I shall go on with it, in spite of whatever the present tenants may have done in the way of completing it (our guns are now "going at it" hammer and tongs).

'I did enjoy laying the sandbags and building a proper wall with "headers" and "stretchers". I got a very good testimonial too, for the Sergeant asked me in all seriousness whether I was a brick-setter in civil life. I was awfully proud.

'*Later*

'(I had to leave off here because we were ordered to "fire-rapid" in between periods of our artillery fire, and I had to turn out to watch.)'

NOTE BY O. J. L.

The dream referred to, near the beginning of this long letter to his mother, Mr. J. Arthur Hill remembers that I told him of, in a letter dated May 7, 1915, which he has now returned; and I reproduce it here :—

'To J. A. H.

'*May* 7, 1915

'I do not reckon that I often have conscious intuitions; and when I have had vivid dreams they have not meant anything, though once or twice I have recorded them because I have them seldom. I happen, however, to have had an intuition this morning, before I was more than half awake, which, though not specially vivid, perhaps I had better record, namely, that an attack was going on at the present moment, that my son was in it, but that "they" were taking care of him. I had this clearly in mind before seeing the morning papers; and indeed I do not know that there is anything in the morning papers suggesting it, since of course their news is comparatively old. One might have surmised, however, that there would be a struggle for Hill 60, and I know that my son is not far off Ypres.

'O. J. L.'

I now (August, 1916) notice for the first time that the coincidence in time between dream and fact is rather good, especially

as it was the only dream or 'impression' that I remember having during the war. Usually I do not dream.

But as this incident raises the question of possible presentiment I must deny that we had any serious presentiment about Raymond. My wife tells me that her anxiety about Raymond, though always present, was hardly keen, as she had an idea that he would be protected. She wrote to a friend on March 22. 1915 :—

> '. . . I ought to get him back safe. I have a hole in my heart and shall have till he comes back. I only saw him for the inside of an hour before he left, as I was away when he came home for six hours. . . .'

'*Friday, May* 14, 1915

'I had a glorious hot bath yesterday ; Fletcher and I went up to the brewery here. The bath is zinc, and full length, and we have as much water, and as hot, as we like. . . .

'I spent some time, too, stemming the leaks in the roof of our shed. With my *two* waterproof sheets I have rigged up a kind of chute above my bed, so that any water that comes through the roof is led down behind my head. I don't know what happens to it there. I thought of leading it across on to the man next me, as the Germans used to do in the winter campaign. They fitted a pump in their trenches and led the delivery pipe forward, so that the water used to run into ours—only the plan was discovered. . . .

'I wonder if you saw the appreciation of the soda cake on the back of my letter from the woods. M.P. stands for Mess President. Fletcher was M.P. and was a very good one. I am now, as he has done it for a long time and is tired. . . .

'As cheerful and well and happy as ever. Don't think I am having a rotten time—I am not.'

'*Sunday*, 5.40 *p.m., May* 16, 1915

'We had a very fine piece of news yesterday. Over three weeks ago we were called out one night and were urgently required to dig a certain new trench behind our lines. The men worked splendidly, and got the job done in a very short time (working of course in complete darkness). The next

day the Brigadier-General inspected the trench and sent in a complimentary message about it to the Colonel. The day after he complimented us again—for the same piece of work! Well, we have had several such jobs to do, and just recently we have been to Hill 60, where the bulk of our work was deepening the trenches and improving the parapets. We were lent for this purpose to another Division (the Division that is at the moment occupying that area), and were away from here exactly a week. We got a splendid testimonial from the General of this other Division, who told our Colonel he had got " a top-hole battalion ". Arising out of all this, we have now been selected as a " Pioneer Battalion ". We are relieved from all ordinary trench work for some time to come. We simply go out at night and dig trenches or build parapets and so forth, and have the day to ourselves. This was arranged yesterday, and last night we went out and returned here at 1.30 a.m. The work is more or less under fire, but only from stray shots and nothing very serious. Our Colonel is awfully pleased that we have done so well; and we are all pleased with the new arrangement. One great advantage is that we can settle down in our billets and are not continually having to pack up everything and move off. We can now start and make tables, chairs, beds, a proper door for the hut, a glass window, and so on. . . .

' Good-bye for the present; it is lovely hot weather and we are all well—fit—and happy.'

[*To a Brother*]

' *May* 26, 1915

' I expect you have read it, but I want to recommend to you *Simon Dale,* by Anthony Hope.

' We had the gas over here on Monday morning about 3 or 4 a.m. Although it was coming from a point about four miles away, as we learnt afterwards, it was very strong and made our eyes smart very much.

' We have got hold of some liqueurs from Railhead, a large bottle of Chartreuse and one of Curaçao.

' Good-bye and good luck.'

'*Saturday, May* 29, 1915, 8.30 *p.m.*

'I got a letter from you to-day about 5 p.m. I was so glad.

'No, I am not making things out better than they really are. I like to write mostly about the pleasant parts, of course. We have our unpleasant moments, shelling and so on, but no very bad times as yet. Being on tenterhooks is quite the worst part.

'As regards Fletcher being worse than us, of course he came out much earlier. He left Edinburgh for the Front on January 4, and Laws left on December 31. He has had some awful times, and the winter campaign, and in any case the length of time one is exposed to the mental strain and worry makes a difference. I do my best to keep cheerful and happy all the time—I don't believe in meeting trouble half-way. If there was some indication of the termination of the war it would help matters—the unending vista is apt to be rather disheartening at times. I am very glad Italy is in—at last.'

'*June* 2, 1915, 4.45 *p.m.*

'The last member of our Mess is a man who has just come out and has not long had his commission. He used to be Regimental Sergeant-Major to our 1st Battalion and has had about twenty-six years' service, so he knows his job.

'Unfortunately, however, his arrival is not an unmixed blessing. The Captain is seized with enthusiasm and wants to make our Company the finest Company in the Battalion. The result is that we have now nothing but parades and much less rest than before. When we were turned into a pioneer battalion the Colonel told the men that they would go digging at night and would do nothing else except for rifle inspection. Now, however, we have in addition an hour's drill of various sorts in the morning and a lecture to N.C.O.'s in the afternoon, at which all subalterns have to attend and take notes. On the day following a rest night we have to be up about seven o'clock, and be on parade

while the men do half an hour's physical exercise before breakfast. Then we have an hour and a half's drill afterwards and the lecture. And these parades seem to be growing. I am afraid they will wear us all out and the men as well. Thomas feels it most and is very worried—although he is Senior Subaltern in the Company he is left right out of things. I am afraid of his going like Laws and Fletcher did. Some "rankers" are very good fellows. They bring tremendous experience with them, but, on the other hand, we bring something too, and when they ride the high horse they can be very unbearable. . . .

'I got a supply of paraffin to-day; D Company has bought a huge barrel of it, and I sent over a petrol tin for some. They gave me nearly two gallons and asked if I could let them have a window in exchange! I hunted round and found quite a good loose one and sent it across with my compliments.'

'*Thursday, June* 3, 1915, 1.30 *p.m.*

'I am all right again to-day; you mustn't pay any attention to my grumbles, it just depends what I feel like; and I am going to stir things up about these parades. We had a fine time last night—very exciting. We went through the heart of the city and it is still very much on fire. The enemy keeps sending an occasional shell into it to keep it going. Just on the far side is a graveyard, and this has been "crumped" out of existence nearly! It is an unpleasant place to pass now.

'The town is almost unbelievable. I don't think anyone would credit that they could do so much damage and not leave a single house untouched, without entering the place at all. [Ypres again, probably.]

'Our digging last night was near a small road much used by transport (which is very audible at night). As the enemy can hear the rumble of the horse-drawn carts quite plainly, they kept on sending shrapnel over, and we had quite a warm time of it. We were quite glad to get away again. (No one was hit while we were there.)

'I was very interested in father's pamphlet on "War and

Christianity ", and I have passed it on to the others. I like the way he gets right outside and looks at things from above. It is a very soothing thing to read. . . .'

'*Sunday, June* 6, 1915, 12 *p.m.*

'The Mess was thrown into the greatest state of excitement yesterday by the arrival of kippers! How splendid! We had a grand breakfast this morning, quite like the summer holidays again—breakfast after a bathe—with Alec, of course! . . .

'We have roses picked every day for the Mess-room; it does improve it. The other evening we had a specially nice meal. We sat round the polished table with candles in the centre and bowls of roses round them (as a matter of fact the bowls were old tinned-fruit tins, but what of that). The food was very special, though I can't remember what it was, but to crown all there was in the room just across the passage . . . a real fiddler with a real fiddle. I really don't know how he managed to bring a fiddle out here; he is a private in the Royal Garrison Artillery, and plays simply beautifully. He has long hair and just a suggestion of side whiskers, and large boots, and, but that he would not be complimented, looks like a Viennese.

'He started off by playing Grand Opera—I believe—and he gave us the intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Then he gave us *Gipsy Love* and the *Merry Widow*, and so on. He finished up with American ragtime. We sent him in a bottle of whisky half-way through the performance, and the music got lighter thenceforward. It was most amusing to notice the effect. When we looked in later the whisky was standing on the table, and he was walking round it with his fiddle, playing hard and apparently serenading it!

'I was inoculated again on Friday evening because it is only *really* effective for about six months, and there is going to be a lot of enteric about, I expect. This apparently is just the very place for it—flat, low-lying country, poor water supply, and the soil heavily manured. So I have been feeling rather weak and feverish after it, but I am better

again now. I have to have it done again ten days later—but the second time is not so bad.

'Talking about roses, Thomas picked a beauty this morning (before I got up) and brought it to me in bed. It is in front of me now, and is 5 inches across, and has a very fine smell.'

'*Wednesday, June* 16, 1915, 1.30 *p.m.*

'We made an attack early this morning, and our Company waited here to receive the prisoners. Poor devils, I do feel so sorry for them. One officer of sixteen, with six weeks' service. Old men with grey beards, too, and many of the student type with spectacles—not fit to have to fight.

'You remember "Very Pressing are the Germans"; well, that's where I am, right inside the walls. Quite shell-proof, but very dank.

'I have got the machine-gun job, and am going for a fortnight's course, starting on the 26th of June.'

'*Monday June* 21, 1915, 4.30 *p.m.*

'We have had an extremely trying time lately, and I am very sorry to say we have lost Thomas.

'He was hit on the head by shrapnel on the night after the attack—I expect you saw the account in the papers—and died about an hour later, having never recovered consciousness.

'It was a most fatal night—the whole battalion was ordered out digging to consolidate the captured positions. We got half-way out, and then got stuck—the road being blocked by parties of wounded. We waited on a path alongside a hedge for over an hour, and though we could not be seen we had a good deal of shrapnel sent over us. To make matters worse, they put some gas shells near, and we had to wear our helmets though the gas was not very strong. It was exceedingly unpleasant, and we could hardly see at all. It was while we were waiting like this that Thomas got knocked out.

'We were all sorry to lose him, and I miss him very much,

but it is nothing to the trouble there will be at his home, for he is his mother's favourite son.

'The next night we went out again, and we had a very quiet night and no casualties. The scene of the battle was pretty bad, and I put all my spare men on to burying.

'Altogether we are very thankful to have a change from "pioneering", and get back to the trenches!

'Our chief trouble here is snipers. We are in a wood, and parties going for water and so on to our headquarters *will* walk outside the trench instead of in it, just because the trench goes like this. [A diagram is omitted.] They take the straight course along the side in spite of repeated warnings. There is one point that a sniper has got marked. He gets our men coming back as they get into the trench just too late. We had a man hit this morning, but not badly, and a few minutes ago I had to stop this letter and go to a man of B Company who had got hit, rather more seriously, at the same spot. I have put up a large notice there now, and hope it will prevent any more.

'I am sorry this is not a very cheerful letter, but we have all been rather sad lately. I am getting over it now. Luckily one absorbs these things very gradually; I could not realize it at first. It was an awful blow, because, especially since Fletcher went away (he is now at home), we had become very friendly, and one is apt to forget that there is always the chance of losing a friend suddenly. As a matter of fact, Thomas is the first officer of C Company that has been killed for seven months.

'When we were up in this wood before, digging (about a fortnight ago) B Company lost Captain Salter. I dare say you saw his name in the Roll of Honour. We were just going to collect our spades and come in, when he was shot through the head by a stray bullet.

'What a very melancholy strain I am writing in, I am so sorry. I am quite well and fit. We have mislaid our mess-box coming up here with all our specially selected foods. The result is we are on short commons—great fun. I am eating awful messes and enjoying them. Fried bacon and fried cheese together! Awful; but, by Jove, when you're hungry.'

Letter from Raymond to the Mother of an Officer Friend of his who had been Killed

'2nd S. Lancashire Regt., B.E.F., Front,
June 17, 1915

'Dear Mrs. Thomas,—I am very sorry to say I have to tell you the very worst of bad news. I know what Humphrey's loss must be to you, and I want to tell you how much it is to all of us too. I know I have not realized it yet myself properly. I have been in a kind of trance since last night and I dread to wake up.

'He was a very fine friend to me, especially since Fletcher went away, and I miss him frightfully. Last night (16th to 17th) the whole Battalion went out digging. There had been an attack by the English early the same morning, and the enemy's guns were still very busy even in the evening. Our road was blocked in front owing to the moving of a lot of wounded, and while we were held up on a little field path alongside a hedge we had several shrapnel shells over us. To add to the horrors of the situation they had put some gas shells over too, and we were obliged to put on our gas helmets. While Humphrey was standing with his helmet on in the rear of our Company talking to the Captain of the Company behind, a shell came over and a piece of it caught him on the head. He was rendered unconscious, and it was evident from the first he had no chance of recovery. He was immediately taken a little way back to a place where there was no gas, and here the doctor dressed his wound. He was then taken back on a stretcher to the dressing-station. He died there about an hour after he had been admitted, having never recovered consciousness.

'If he had to die, I am thankful he was spared pain beforehand. It made my heart ache this afternoon packing his valise ; I have given his chocolate, cigarettes, and tobacco to the Mess, and I have wrapped up his diary and a few loose letters and made them into a small parcel which is in the middle of his valise.

'The papers and valuables which he had on him at the time will be sent back through our headquarters, the other things, such as letters, etc., in his other pockets I have left just as they were. I hope the valise will arrive safely.

'He will be buried very simply, and probably due east of Ypres about three-quarters of a mile out—near the dressing-station. I will of course see he has a proper cross.

'Humphrey was splendid always when shells were bursting near. He hated them as much as any of us, but he just made himself appear unconcerned in order to put heart into the troops. Three nights ago we were digging a trench and the Germans

thought our attack was coming off that night. For nearly three-quarters of an hour they put every kind of shell over us and some came very close. We all lay down in the trench and waited. On looking up once I was amazed to see a lone figure walking calmly about as if nothing was going on at all. It may have been foolish but it was grand.'

'*Tuesday, June* 22, 1915, 4.45 *p.m.*

'Well! What a long war, isn't it? Never mind, I believe it will finish up without much help from us, and our job is really killing time. And our time is so pleasant it doesn't need much killing out here. The days roll along—nice sunny days too—bringing us nearer, I suppose, to Peace. (One hardly dares even to write the word now, it has such a significance.) There have been cases where the war has driven people off their heads (this applies only, I think, to the winter campaign), but I often think if Peace comes suddenly that there will be many such cases.

'It really is rather amazing the unanimity of everybody on this subject, and it must be the same behind the German front-line trenches.

'I should think that never in this world before have there been so many men so "fed up" before. And then the women at home too—it is wonderful where the driving force comes from to keep things going on.

'But still—I don't want to convey a false impression. If you took my last letter by itself you might think things were very terrible out here all the time. They are not. On the whole it is not a bad time at all. The life is full of interest, and the discomforts are few and far between. Bad times do come along occasionally, but they are by way of exceptions. It is most like a long picnic in all sorts of places with a sort of constraint and uneasiness in the air. This last is purely mental, and the less one worries about it the less it is, and so one can contrive to be light-hearted and happy through it all—unless one starts to get depressed and moody. And it is just that which has happened to Laws and Fletcher, and one or two others. They had been out long and had seen unpleasant times and without an occasional rest; none but the very thick can stand it.'

'Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith came here last evening. Here, to this convent. I don't know what for; but there was of course a good deal of stir here.

'Way and I went into the town last night. We hired a *fiacre* for the return journey. It came on to rain, so it was just as well we had a hood. We both thoroughly enjoyed the journey. The *fiacre* was what would be dignified by the name of "Victoria" in England. But in France, where it seems to be etiquette not to take any trouble over carriage-work, *fiacre* is the only word you could apply, and it just fits it. It expresses not only its shabbiness, but also hints at its broken-backed appearance.

'We went into some stables and inquired about a *fiacre* and a fat boy in a blue apron with a white handkerchief tied over one eye said we could have one. So I said, "Ou est le cocher?" and he pointed to his breast and said, "C'est moi!"

'The fare, he said, would be six francs, and the *pourboire*. Thoughtful of him not to forget that. We agreed, and he eventually produced the usual French horse.

'The *fiacre* was very comfortable, and we were awfully tickled with the idea of us two in that absurd conveyance, especially when we passed staff officers, which was frequently. Altogether we were quite sorry when our drive was over.'

NOTE BY O. J. L.

On July 16, 1915, Raymond came home on leave, and he had a great reception. On July 20 he went back.

'*Thursday, July* 29, 1915, 7.35 *p.m.*

'Here I am in the trenches again, quite like old times, and quite in the swing again after the unsettling effect of coming home! You know I can't help laughing at things out here. The curious aspect of things sometimes comes and hits me, and I sit down and laugh (not insanely or hysterically, *bien entendu*, but I just can't help chuckling). It is so absurd, the reasons and causes that have drawn me to this particular and unlikely field in Belgium, and, having

arrived here, that make me set about at once house-hunting —for all the world as if it was the most natural thing in life. And having selected my little house and arranged all my belongings in it, I regard it as home and spend a few days there. And then one morning my servant and I, we pack up everything once more and hoist them on to our backs and set off, staff in hand, like a pair of gipsies to another field a mile or so distant, and there make a new home. . . .

'I was very loath to leave my front-line dug-out, because I had arranged things to my liking—had moved the table so that it caught the light, and so on. It had a built-in table (which took a lot of moving), a chair and a sandbag bed. Quite small and snug.

'But still—this new dug-out back here is quite nice. Large and roomy, with windows with bars in them (but no glass)—a proper square table on four legs—three chairs and a sandbag bed. So I am quite happy. The sandbag bed is apparently made as follows: Cover a portion of the floor, 6 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 6 inches, with a single layer of sandbags filled with earth. Over these place several layers of empty sandbags, and the bed is finished. If the hollows and lumps are carefully placed, the former in the middle and the latter at the head, the result is quite a success. Of course one sleeps in one's clothes covered by a coat and with an air pillow under one's head.

'We have had a very gay time in the trenches. I think I told you how I saw a hostile aeroplane brought down on fire in our lines. That was on Sunday, and the official report says both pilots killed. On Monday I went down to a support trench to have meat tea and a chat with Holden and Ventris (two of C Company officers). At a quarter to ten there was a loud rumbling explosion and the dug-out we were in rocked for several seconds. The Germans had fired a mine about 60 feet in front of our trench to try to blow in some of our workings.

'I rushed to my guns—both were quite safe. You should have heard the noise. Every man in the place got up to the parapet and blazed away for all he was worth. It was exciting! One machine gun fired two belts (500 rounds),

and the other fifty rounds. I heard afterwards that several of the enemy were seen to leap their parapets, but turned back when they heard the machine guns open fire. It took a good while for things to quieten down.

'We have been at Hill 60 and also up at Ypres. At present we are south of that appalling place, but I learn with regret that to-morrow we are moving again and are going up north of Ypres. We are all depressed in consequence.'

'*Saturday, August* 7, 1915, 7.30 *p.m.*

'I have been having rather a bad time lately,—one of those times that reminds one that it is war and not a picnic,—but, thank goodness, it is all over now.

'We have been in trenches a fortnight to-night. You can imagine how we long for clean clothes. Most of the officers have not been out of their clothes all that time, but I have been very lucky. I had two good cold baths when I was down here before, and to-day I had a lovely hot one in a full-length wooden bath. A tremendous luxury! Also I had some clean socks to put on. . . .

'On the day I was shelled out of my dug-out my servant, Bailey, was hit on the leg by a piece of shell, and has gone down the line wounded, not very seriously, I think. He is a great loss to me, but I have got another one now, Gray, who shapes very well. He is young and willing, and quite intelligent.

'Yes, the sandbags might be damp when used for a bed, and I always lay my waterproof ground-sheet on top of them. I either sleep on that or on some new clean bags laid above that again. It is not only dampness, though, that one fears!

'As a matter of fact, one is not very sensitive to damp when living so much out of doors. It is common to get one's feet slightly wet, and go for about four days without removing one's boots—most unpleasant, but not in the least damaging to health.'

'*Monday, August* 16, 1915, *Noon*

'We are now out and resting after doing a long spell. I

did nineteen days, and some did a few more days than that. Three weeks is a long time to live continuously in clothes, boots, and puttees. . . .

'I have been out here five calendar months to-day, and in the Army just over eleven months. They will be pensioning me off soon as an old soldier.'

'*August* 29, 1915, 11.30 *a.m.*

'I am having a very quiet and lazy time at the moment, and feel I deserve it. We went into support trenches for three days, and worked two nights from 7.30 p.m. till 3 a.m., building and improving the fire trench. Then on the third night we had a most exciting time. One company, under Captain Taylor, was sent up right in front to dig a new fire trench to connect with another on our left. We had to go up a trench which ran right out into space, and which had only just been built itself, and when there we had to get over the parapet and creep forward to the new line we were to dig. Of course we had to be dead quiet, but there was a big moon, and of course they saw us. Most of the way we were not more than 30 yards away from their front position (and they had bombing parties out in front of that). While we were digging we had one platoon with bombs to cover us, and some of this party were as close as 25 yards to their front position. It was awful work, because they kept throwing bombs at us, and what was almost worse was the close-range sniping.

'Our casualties were much lighter than I should have thought possible. The Colonel came along the new trenches just before we left, and he was most awfully pleased with C Company, and so is the General. Captain Taylor is very bucked about it.

'Our men that were killed (sniped) were buried just behind, within a quarter of an hour of being hit. Rather awful.

'The General let us off "stand-to" because he knew we were fagged out; and it is a great mercy. Turning out fully dressed at about 2.30 a.m. and remaining up for an hour does not improve one's night's rest. I suppose, though, that we shall have to start it soon—perhaps to-night.

'We are here till to-morrow night, I believe, and then we go to some fairly nice trenches near the ones we were in last. We are short of subalterns—rather—and they have taken me off machine guns for the time being. I *am* sick, but I get a bit in when I can. In the last trench we built (I and my platoon), not the exposed one, there was a machine-gun position, and I took great pleasure in building it a really good emplacement. . . .'

'*Monday, September* 6, 1915, 9.30 *p.m.*

'Thank you so much for your inspiring and encouraging letter. I hope I am being useful out here. I sometimes doubt if I am very much use—not as much as I should like to be. Possibly I help to keep C Company officers more cheerful! I am very sorry they have taken me off machine guns for the present, I hope it may not be for long.

'Great happenings are expected here shortly and we are going to have a share. We are resting at present and have been out a few days now. We had only two periods of three days each in the trenches last time in. . . .

'Our last two days in the trenches were appallingly wet. My conduct would have given me double pneumonia at home. My rain-coat was soaked, so I had to sleep in shirt sleeves under my tunic, and the knees of my breeches were wet.

'The next day the rain was incessant, and presently I found the floor of my dug-out was swimming—the water having welled up through the ground below and the sand-bags.

'I didn't have to sleep on it luckily, because we were relieved that night. But before we went I had to turn out with fifty men and work till midnight in water up to one foot deep. So at 8.30 p.m. I got my boots full of cold water and sat out in them till 12, then marched some eight miles. After nine hours' rest and some breakfast we came here, another three or four. It was nice to get a dry pair of boots and our valises and a tent.

'That night I rode into Poperinghe with Captain Taylor, and we had a really good dinner there—great fun.

'We have a full set of parades here unfortunately, otherwise things are all right. . . .

'Alec has very kindly had a "Molesworth" sent me. Most useful.

'I would like a motor paper now and then, I think! *The Motor* for preference—or *The Autocar*. Aren't I young?

'Captain Taylor has sprained his ankle by falling from his horse one night, and has gone to a rest home near. So I am commanding C Company at the moment. Hope not for long. Too responsible at the present time of crisis.'

'*September* 9, 3.30 *p.m.*

'Must just finish this off for post.

'We have just had an inspection by the Army Corps Commander, Lieut.-General Plumer [Sir Herbert].

'I am still in command of C Company, and had to call them to attention and go round with the General, followed by a whole string of minor generals, colonels, etc. He asked me a good many questions:—

First,—How long had I had the Company? Then, how long had I been out? I said since March. He then asked if I had been sick or wounded even, and I said no!

'Then he said, "Good lad for sticking it!" at least I thought he was going to.

'We are kept very busy nowadays. I must try and write a proper letter soon. I do apologize.

'A box of cigarettes has arrived from, I suppose, Alec. Virginias, I mean, and heaps of them.

'We have just got another tent—we have been so short, and have been sleeping five in. Now we shall be two in each. The new one is a lovely dove-grey—like a thundercloud. After the war I shall buy one.

'I shall be quite insufferable, I know; I shall want everything done for me on the word of command. Never mind—roll on the end of the war!

'Cheer-ho, lovely weather, great spirits! Aeroplane [English] came down in our field yesterday slightly on fire. All right though.—Good-bye, much love,

'RAYMOND'

'*Sunday, September* 12, 1915, 2 *p.m.*

'You will understand that I still have the Company to look after, and we are going into the front-line trenches this evening at 5 p.m. for an ordinary tour of duty. We are going up in motor buses! . . .

'Capt. T. thinks he will be away a month!'

TELEGRAM FROM THE WAR OFFICE

'*September* 17, 1915

'Deeply regret to inform you that Second Lieut. R. Lodge, Second South Lancs, was wounded 14th Sept. and has since died. Lord Kitchener expresses his sympathy.'

TELEGRAM FROM THE KING AND QUEEN

'*September* 21, 1915

'The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the army have sustained by the death of your son in the service of his country. Their Majesties truly sympathize with you in your sorrow.'

CHAPTER III

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

SOME letters from Officers gradually arrived, giving a few particulars. But it was an exceptionally strenuous period at the Ypres salient, and there was little time for writing. Moreover, some of his friends were killed either at the same time or soon afterwards.

Letter from Lieutenant Fletcher, Great Crosby, Liverpool

'*September* 21, 1915

'Raymond was the best pal I've ever had, and we've always been together; in the old days at Brook Road, then in Edinburgh, and lastly in France, and nobody could ever have a better friend than he was to me.

'I'll never forget the first day he came to us at Dickebusch and how pleased we all were to see him again; and through it all he was always the same, ever ready to help anyone in any way he could, whilst his men were awfully fond of him and would have done anything for him.'

'*September* 24, 1915

'I hear that we were digging trenches in advance of our present ones at St. Eloi last week, so it must have been then that he was hit, as he was awfully keen on digging new trenches, and heaps of times I've had to tell him to keep down when he was watching the men working. . . .

'I always thought he would come through all right, and

I know he thought so himself, as, the last time I saw him, we made great plans for spending some time together when we got back, and it seems so difficult to realize that he has gone. (Signed) ERIC S. FLETCHER'

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CASE TO LADY LODGE

'*Friday, September* 24, 1915.

'I was very, very grieved at his death, for he was one of the very nicest fellows I have met. That he was universally liked, both by officers and men, it is needless to say. . . .

'I was for nearly three months in C Company with him, and was thus able to see his extreme coolness and ability in military matters. He was hit about midday, and died about half an hour or so afterwards. I forget the date, but I have written more fully to his brother. I don't think he suffered much pain. He was conscious when I arrived, and recognized me, I think, and I remained with him for some time. I then went off to see if there was any possibility of finding the doctor, but all the telephone wires were cut, and if we had even been able to get the doctor up, it would have been of no avail. The stretcher-bearers did all that was possible. . . . Another subaltern, Mr. Ventris, was killed at the same time, as was his servant Gray as well.

'(Signed) G. R. A. CASE'[1]

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN S. T. BOAST

'*September* 27, 1915

'First of all I beg to offer you and your family my sincere sympathies in the loss of your son, 2nd Lieut. Lodge. His loss to us is very great: he was a charming young fellow—always so very cheerful and willing, hard working, and a bright example of what a good soldier ought to be. He was a most efficient officer, and only recently qualified in

[1] Lieutenant Case himself, alas! was killed on September 25, 1915. It was a fatal time. Lieutenant Fletcher also has been killed now, on July 3, 1916.

the handling and command of Maxim guns—a most useful accomplishment in the present war. Briefly, the circumstances which led to his death were as follows:—

'On September 14, C Company to which 2nd Lieut. Lodge belonged, was in position in a forward fire trench. During the morning the commander of the artillery covering the position informed 2nd Lieut. Lodge, who at the time was in command of C Company, that it was intended to shell the enemy's positions, and as his trenches were only a short distance from ours, it was considered advisable to withdraw from our trench during the shelling. 2nd Lieut. Lodge gave orders for his company to withdraw into a communication trench in the rear. He and 2nd Lieut. Ventris were the last to leave the forward trench, and in entering the communication trench both these officers were caught by enemy's shrapnel. Ventris was killed—Lodge mortally wounded and died of his wounds shortly afterwards. These are the circumstances of his death.'

From Captain A. B. Cheves, R.A.M.C.

'*September* 22, 1915

'The Colonel has asked me to write you, giving some idea of the burial-ground in which your son's grave is. Communication with my aid post was very difficult, and he was reported to me as having been killed. I understand that he lived for about three hours after being wounded, and all the officers and men who were present speak very highly of his conduct during this time. His wound was unfortunately in such a position that there was no chance of saving his life, and this was recognized by all, including your son himself. When his body was brought down in the evening the expression on his face was absolutely peaceful, and I should think that he probably did not suffer a great deal of pain. He was buried on the same evening in our cemetery just outside the aid post, side by side with Lieut. Ventris, who was unfortunately killed on the same day. The cemetery is in the garden adjoining a ruined farm-house. It is well enclosed by hedges, and your son's grave is under some tall trees that

stand in the garden. There are graves there of men of many regiments who have fallen, and our graves are enclosed by a wire fence, so keeping them quite distinct from the others. There is a wooden cross marking the head of the grave, and a small one at the foot. I am afraid that our condolences will be small consolation to you, but I can assure you that he was one of the most popular officers with the Battalion, both amongst the officers and men, and all feel his loss very greatly.'

Information sent by Captain Cheves to Mrs. Ventris, mother of the Second Lieutenant who was killed at the same time as Raymond and buried with him :—

'He was buried on the right of the Menin Road, just past where the Zonebeke Rail cuts. If you can get hold of Sheet 28, Belgium 1/40,000, the reference is I. 16. b 2. Any soldier will show you how to read the map.'

Letter from a Foreman Workman

[I also append a letter received from a workman who used to be at the same bench with Raymond when he was going through his workshop course at Wolseley Motor Works. Stallard is a man he thought highly of, and befriended. He is now foreman in the Lodge Fume Deposit Company, after making an effort to get a berth in Lodge Brothers' for Raymond's sake. He is now, and has been since the war began, the owner of Raymond's dog Larry, about whom some local people remember that there was an amusing County Court case.]

'98, *Mansel Road, Small Heath, Birmingham,*
September 17, 1915

'Dear Mr. Lionel,—The shock was too great for me to speak to you this afternoon. I should like to express to you, and all the family, my deepest and most heartfelt sympathy in your terrible loss. Mr. Raymond was the best friend I ever had.

'Truly, I thought more of him than any other man living, not only for his kind thoughts towards me, but for his most admirable qualities, which I knew he possessed.

'The memory of him will remain with me as long as I live.—Believe me to be, yours faithfully,

'(Signed) NORMAN STALLARD'

PART II

SUPERNORMAL PORTION

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life.

SHELLEY, *Adonais*

CHAPTER IV

ON THE FACT OF SUPERNORMAL COMMUNICATION

> But he, the spirit himself, may come
> Where all the nerve of sense is numb.
>
> TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*

HOWEVER it be accomplished, and whatever reception the present-day scientific world may give to the assertion, there are many who now know, by first-hand experience, that communication is possible across the boundary—if there is a boundary—between the world apprehended by our few animal-derived senses and the larger existence concerning which our knowledge is still more limited.

Communication is not easy, but it occurs; and humanity has reason to be grateful to those few individuals who, finding themselves possessed of the faculty of mediumship, and therefore able to act as intermediaries, allow themselves to be used for this purpose.

Such means of enlarging our knowledge, and entering into relations with things beyond animal ken, can be abused like any other power; it can be played with by the merely curious, or it can be exploited in a very mundane and unworthy way in the hope of warping it into the service of selfish ends, in the same way as old and long accessible kinds of knowledge have too often been employed. But it can also be used reverently and seriously, for the very legitimate purpose of comforting the sorrowful, helping the bereaved, and restoring some portion of the broken link between souls

united in affection but separated for a time by an apparently impassable barrier. The barrier is turning out to be not hopelessly obdurate after all; intercourse between the two states is not so impossible as had been thought; something can be learnt about occurrences from either side; and gradually it is probable that a large amount of consistent and fairly coherent knowledge will be accumulated.

Meanwhile broken ties of affection have the first claim; and early efforts at communication from the departed are nearly always directed towards assuring survivors of the fact of continued personal existence, helping them to realize that changed surroundings have in no way weakened love or destroyed memory, and urging with eager insistence that earthly happiness need not be irretrievably spoiled by bereavement. For purposes of this kind many trivial incidents are recalled, such as are well adapted to convince intimate friends and relatives that one particular intelligence, and no other, must be the source from which the messages ultimately spring, through whatever intermediaries they have to be conveyed.

Perhaps the commonest and easiest method of communication is what is called 'automatic writing', i.e, writing performed through the agency of subconscious intelligence; the writer leaving his or her hand at liberty to write whatever comes, without attempting to control it, and without necessarily attending at the time to what is being written.

That a novice will usually get nothing, or mere nonsense or scribbling in this way, is obvious: the remarkable thing is that some persons are thus able to get sense, and to tap sources of information outside their normal range. If a rudiment of such power exists, it is possible, though not always desirable, to cultivate it; but care, pertinacity, and intelligence are needed to utilize a faculty of this kind. Unless people are well balanced and self-critical and wholesomely occupied, they had better leave the subject alone.

In most cases of fully developed automatism known to me the automatist reads what comes, and makes suitable oral replies or comments to the sentences as they appear: so that the whole has then the effect of a straightforward

conversation of which one side is spoken and the other written—the speaking side being usually rather silent and reserved, the writing side free and expansive.

Naturally not every person has the power of cultivating this simple form of what is technically known as motor automatism, one of the recognized subliminal forms of activity; but probably more people could do it if they tried; though for some people it would be injudicious, and for many others hardly worth while.

The intermediate mentality employed in this process seems to be a usually submerged or dream-like stratum of the automatist whose hand is being used. The hand is probably worked by its usual physiological mechanism, guided and controlled by nerve centres not in the most conscious and ordinarily employed region of the brain. In some cases the content or subject-matter of the writing may emanate entirely from these nerve centres, and be of no more value than a dream; as is frequently the case with the more elementary automatism set in action by the use of instruments known as 'planchette' and 'ouija', often employed by beginners. But when the message turns out to be of evidential value it is presumably because this subliminal portion of the person is in touch, either telepathically or in some other way, with intelligences not ordinarily accessible,—with living people at a distance perhaps, or more often with the apparently more accessible people who have passed on, for whom distance in the ordinary sense seems hardly to exist, and whose links of connexion are of a kind other than spatial. It need hardly be said that proof of communion of this kind is absolutely necessary, and has to be insisted on; but experience has demonstrated that now and again sound proof is forthcoming.

Another method is for the automatist to become comprehensively unconscious and go into a trance. In that case it appears that the physiological mechanism is more amenable to control, and is less sophisticated by the ordinary intelligence of the person to whom it normally belongs; so that messages of importance and privacy may be got through. But the messages have to be received and attended to by another

person; for in such cases, when genuine, the entranced person on waking up is found to be ignorant of what has been either written or uttered. In this state, speech is more common than writing, because less troublesome to the recipient, i.e. the friend or relative to whom or for whom messages are being thus sent. The communicating personality during trance may be the same as the one operating the hand without trance, and the messages may have the same general character as those got by automatic writing, when the consciousness is not suspended but only in temporary and local abeyance; but in the trance state a dramatic characterization is usually imparted to the proceedings, by the appearance of an entity called a 'Control', who works the body of the automatist in the apparent absence of its customary manager.

Effective evidence in most cases varies with the personality concerned. It often happens that little personal touches, incommunicable to others in their full persuasiveness, sooner or later break down the last vestiges of legitimate scepticism. What goes on beyond that will depend upon personal training and interest. With many, anything like scientific inquiry lapses at this point, and communication resolves itself into emotional and domestic interchange of ordinary ideas. But in a few cases the desire to give new information is awakened; and when there is sufficient receptivity, and, what is very important, a competent and suitable medium for anything beyond commonplace messages, instructive and general information may be forthcoming. An explanation or description of the methods of communication, for instance, as seen from their side; or some information concerning the manner of life there; and occasionally even some intelligent attempt to lessen human difficulties about religious conceptions, and to give larger ideas about the Universe as a whole,—all these attempts have been made. But they always insist that their information is but little greater than ours, and that they are still fallible gropers after truth,—of which they keenly feel the beauty and importance, but of which they realize the infinitude, and their own inadequacy of mental grasp, quite as clearly as we do here.

These are what we call the ' unverifiable ' communications ; for we cannot bring them to book, by subsequent terrestrial inquiry, in the same way as we can test information concerning personal or mundane affairs. Information of this supposedly higher kind has often been received, and has frequently been published ; but it is difficult to know what value to put upon such information, or how far it is really trustworthy.

It is sometimes contended that *all* psychic communications are of a trivial nature and deal with insignificant topics. That such a contention is false is well known to people of experience ; but so long as the demand for verification of survival and proof of identity persists—and it will be long indeed before such proof can be dispensed with—so long are trifling reminiscences the best way to achieve the desired end. The end in this case amply explains and justifies the means. Hence it is that relatives are naturally and properly supplied with references to remembered and verifiable facts ; and since these facts, to be useful, must not be of the nature of public news, nor anything which can be gleaned from biographical or historical records, they usually relate to trifling family affairs or other humorous details such as seem likely to stay in the memory. It can freely be admitted that such facts are only redeemed from triviality by the affectionate recollections interlinked with them, and by the motive which has caused them to be reproduced. For their special purpose they may be admirable ; and there is no sort of triviality about the thing to be proven by them. The idea that a departed friend ought to be occupied wholly and entirely with grave matters, and ought not to remember jokes and fun, is a gratuitous claim which has to be abandoned. Humour does not cease with earth-life. Why should it ?

It may be asked, Do I recommend all bereaved persons to devote the time and attention which I have done to getting communications and recording them ? Most certainly I do not. I am a student of the subject, and a student often undertakes detailed labour of a special kind. I recommend people in general to learn and realize that their loved ones are still active and useful and interested and happy—more

alive than ever in one sense—and to make up their minds to live a useful life till they rejoin them.

What steps should be taken to gain this peaceful assurance must depend on the individual. Some may get it from the consolations of religion, some from the testimony of trusted people, while some may find it necessary to have first-hand experience of their own for a time. And if this experience can be attained privately, with no outside assistance, by quiet and meditation or by favour of occasional waking dreams, so much the better.

What people should not do, is to close their minds to the possibility of continued existence except in some lofty and inaccessible and essentially unsuitable condition ; they should not selfishly seek to lessen pain by discouraging all mention, and even hiding everything likely to remind them, of those they have lost ; nor should they give themselves over to unavailing and prostrating grief. Now is the time for action ; and it is an ill return to those who have sacrificed all, and died for the Country, if those left behind do not throw off enervating distress and helpless lamentation, and seek to live for the Country and for humanity, to the utmost of their power. Any steps which are calculated to lead to this wholesome result in any given instance are justified ; and it is not for me to offer advice as to the kind of activity most appropriate to each individual case.

I have suggested that the new knowledge, when generally established and incorporated with existing systems, will have a bearing and influence on the region hitherto explored by other faculties, and considered to be the domain of faith. It certainly must have an influence, whether it be welcomed or not. Certainly the conclusions to which I myself have been led by this mode of access are not contradictory of the conclusions which have been arrived at by those who (naturally) seem to me the more enlightened Theologians ; though I must confess that with some of the Ecclesiastical overgrowth which has remained with us from a bygone day, a psychic investigator can have but little sympathy. Indeed he only refrains from attacking it because he

feels that, left to itself, it will be superseded by something better and more fruitful, and will die a natural death. There is too much wheat mingled with the tares to render it safe for any but an ecclesiastical expert to attempt to uproot them

Meanwhile, although some of the official exponents of Christian doctrine condemn any attempt to explore things of this kind by secular methods; while others refrain from countenancing any results thus obtained; there are many who would utilize them in their teaching if they conscientiously could, and a few who have already begun to do so, on the strength of their own knowledge, however derived, and in spite of the risk of offending weaker brethren.[1]

[1] For instance, a book called *The Gospel of the Hereafter*, by Dr. J. Paterson Smyth, of Montreal, may be brought to the notice of anyone who, while clinging tightly to the essential tenets of orthodox Christianity, and unwilling or unable to enter upon a course of study, would gladly interpret eastern and mediaeval phrases in a sense not repugnant to the modern spirit.

CHAPTER V

ELEMENTARY EXPLANATION

FOR people who have studied psychical matters, or who have read any books on the subject, it is unnecessary to explain what a 'sitting' is. Novices must be asked to refer to other writings—to small books, for instance, by Sir W. F. Barrett or Mr. J. Arthur Hill or Miss H. A. Dallas, which are easily accessible, or to my own previous book on this subject called *The Survival of Man*, which begins more at the beginning so far as my own experience is concerned.

Of mediumship there are many grades, one of the simplest forms being the capacity to receive an impression or automatic writing, under peaceful conditions, in an ordinary state; but the whole subject is too large to be treated here. Suffice it to say that the kind of medium chiefly dealt with in this book is one who, by waiting quietly, goes more or less into a trance, and then speaks or writes in a manner quite different from the medium's own normal or customary manner, under the guidance of a separate intelligence technically known as 'a control', the transition being effected in most cases quite easily and naturally. In this secondary state, a degree of clairvoyance or lucidity is attained quite beyond the medium's normal consciousness, and facts are referred to which must be outside his or her normal knowledge. The control, or second personality which speaks during the trance, appears to be more closely in touch with what is popularly spoken of as 'the next world' than with customary human existence, and accordingly is able to get messages through from people deceased; transmitting them through the speech or writing of the medium,

usually with some obscurity and misunderstanding, and with mannerisms belonging either to the medium or to the control. The amount of sophistication varies according to the quality of the medium, and to the state of the same medium at different times; it must be attributed in the best cases physiologically to the medium, intellectually to the control. The confusion is no greater than might be expected from a pair of telegraph operators, connected by an instrument of rather delicate and uncertain quality, who are engaged in transmitting information from one stranger to another; one of the strangers endeavouring to get messages transmitted, though perhaps not very skilled in wording them, while the other is nearly silent and anxious not to give any information or assistance at all. The recipient, indeed, is usually more or less suspicious that the whole appearance of things is deceptive, and that his friend, the ostensible communicator, is not really there. Under such circumstances the effort of the distant communicator would be chiefly directed to recalling such natural and appropriate reminiscences as should gradually break down the inevitable scepticism of the recipient, and make him admit that his friend is really there, though beyond the reach of any sensory indication.

We know that communication must be hampered, and its form largely determined, by the unconscious but inevitable influence of a transmitting mechanism, whether that be of a merely mechanical or of a physiological character. Every artist knows that he must adapt the expression of his thought to his material, and that what is possible with one 'medium', even in the artist's sense of the word, is not possible with another.

And when the method of communication is purely mental or telepathic, we are assured that the communicator 'on the other side' has to select from the ideas, and utilise the channels, which represent the customary mental scope of the medium; though by practised skill and ingenuity these ingredients can be woven into fresh patterns and be made to convey to a patient and discriminating interpreter the real intention of the communicator's thought.

To understand the intelligent tiltings of a table in contact

with human muscles is a much simpler matter. It is crude and elementary, but in principle it does not appear to differ from automatic writing; though, inasmuch as the code and the movements are so simple, it appears to be the easiest of all to beginners. It is so simple that it has been often employed as a sort of game, and so has fallen into disrepute. But its possibilities are not to be ignored for all that; and in so far as it enables a feeling of more direct influence—in so far as the communicator feels able himself to control the energy necessary, instead of having to entrust his message to a third person—it is by some communicators preferred.

Whether it sounds credible or not, and it is certainly surprising, I must testify that when a thing of any mobility is controlled in this more direct way, it is able to convey touches of emotion and phases of intonation, so to speak, in a most successful manner. A telegraph key could hardly do it: its range of movement is too restricted, it operates only in a discontinuous manner, by make and break; but a light table, under these conditions, seems no longer inert, it behaves as if animated. For the time it *is* animated,—somewhat perhaps as a violin or piano is animated by a skilled musician and schooled to his will,—and the dramatic action thus attained is very remarkable. It can exhibit hesitation, it can display certainty; it can seek for information, it can convey it; it can apparently ponder before giving a reply; it can welcome a new-comer; it can indicate joy or sorrow, fun or gravity; it can keep time with a song as if joining in the chorus; and most notable of all, it can illustrate affection in an unmistakable manner.

The hand of a writing medium can do these things too; and that the whole body of a normal person can display these emotions is a commonplace. Yet they are all pieces of matter, though some are more permanently animated than others. But all are animated temporarily,—not one of them really permanently,—and there appears to be no sharp line of demarcation. What we have to realise is that matter in any form is able to act as agent to the soul, and that by aid of matter various emotions as well as intelligence can be temporarily incarnated and displayed.

The extraction of elementary music from all manner of unlikely objects—kitchen utensils, for instance—is a known stage-performance. The utilization of unlikely objects for purposes of communication, though it would not have been expected, may have to be included in the same general category.

With things made for the purpose, from a violin to the puppets of a marionette show, we know that simple human passions can be shown and can be roused. With things made for quite other purposes it turns out that the same sort of possibility exists.

Table-tilting is an old and despised form of amusement, known to many families and often wisely discarded; but with care and sobriety and seriousness even this can be used as a means of communication; and the amount of mediumistic power necessary for this elementary form of psychic activity appears to be distinctly less than would be required for more elaborate methods.

One thing it is necessary clearly to realise and admit, namely, that in all cases when an object is moved by direct contact of an operator's body, whether the instrument be a pencil or a piece of wood, unconscious muscular guidance must be allowed for; and anything that comes through of a kind known to or suspected by the operator must be discounted. Sometimes, however, the message comes in an unexpected and for the moment puzzling form, and often it conveys information unknown to the operator. It is by the content of the communication that its supernormal value must be estimated.

I shall not in this volume touch upon the still more puzzling and still more direct and peculiar physical phenomena, such as are spoken of as 'direct voice', 'direct writing', and 'materialization'. In these strange and, from one point of view, more advanced occurrences, though lower in another sense, inert matter appears to be operated on without the direct intervention of physiological mechanism. And yet such mechanism must be in the neighbourhood. I am inclined to think that these weird phenomena, when established, will be found to shade off into those other methods

that I have been speaking of, and that no complete theory of either can be given until more is known about both. This is one of the considerations which cause me to be undogmatic about the question whether all movements, even under contact, are wholly executed by the muscles. I only here hold up a warning against premature decision. The entire subject of psycho-physical interaction and activity requires attention in due time and place; but the ground is now more treacherous, the pitfalls more numerous, and the territory to many minds comparatively unattractive. Let it wait until long-range artillery has beaten down some of the entanglements, before organized forces are summoned to advance.

CHAPTER VI

THE 'FAUNUS' MESSAGE

Preliminary Facts

RAYMOND joined the Army in September, 1914, trained near Liverpool and Edinburgh with the South Lancashires, and in March, 1915, was sent to the trenches in Flanders. In the middle of July, 1915, he had a few days' leave at home, and on the 20th returned to the Front.

Initial 'Piper' Message

The first intimation that I had that anything might be going wrong, was a message from Myers through Mrs. Piper in America; communicated apparently by 'Richard Hodgson' at a time when a Miss Robbins was having a sitting at Mrs. Piper's house, Greenfield, New Hampshire, on August 8, 1915, and sent me by Miss Alta Piper (A. L. P.) together with the original script. Here follows the extract, which at a certain stage in Miss Robbins's sitting, after having dealt with matters of personal significance to her, none of which had anything whatever to do with me, began abruptly thus :—

R. H.—Now Lodge, while we are not here as of old, i.e. not quite, we are here enough to take and give messages. Myers says you take the part of the poet, and he will act as Faunus. FAUNUS.

MISS R.—Faunus ?

R. H.—Yes. Myers. *Protect.* He will understand. (Evidently referring to Lodge.—A. L. P.) What have you to say, Lodge ? Good work. Ask

[Mrs.] Verrall, she will also understand. Arthur says so. [This means Dr. Arthur W. Verrall (deceased)]. You got mixed (to Miss R.), but Myers is straight about Poet and Faunus.

Letter from Mrs. Verrall

In order to interpret this message, I wrote to Mrs. Verrall as instructed, asking her : ' Does *The Poet and Faunus* mean anything to you ? Did one " protect " the other ? ' She replied at once (September 8, 1915) referring me to Horace, *Carm.* II. xvii. 27–30, and saying :—

' The reference is to Horace's account of his narrow escape from death, from a falling tree, which he ascribes to the intervention of Faunus. Cf. Hor. *Odes*, II. xiii ; II. xvii. 27 ; III. iv. 27 ; III. viii. 8, for references to the subject. The allusion to Faunus is in Ode II. xvii. 27–30 :—

> Me truncus illapsus cerebro
> Sustulerat, nisi *Faunus* ictum
> Dextra levasset, Marcurialium
> *Custos* virorum.

' " Faunus, the guardian of poets " (" poets " being the usual interpretation of " Mercury's men ").

' The words quoted are strictly applicable to the Horatian passage, which they instantly recalled to me.

' (Signed) M. de G. Verrall '

I perceived therefore, from this manifestly correct interpretation of the ' Myers ' message to me, that the meaning was that some blow was going to fall, or was likely to fall, though I didn't know of what kind, and that Myers would intervene, apparently to protect me from it.

The above message reached me on September 6, 1915, in Scotland. Raymond was killed near Ypres on September 14, and we got the news by telegram from the War Office

on September 17. A fallen or falling tree is a frequently used symbol for death; perhaps through misinterpretation of Eccles. xi. 3. To several other classical scholars I have since put the question I addressed to Mrs. Verrall, and they all referred to me Horace, *Carm.* II. xvii, as the unmistakable reference.

Mr. Bayfield's Criticism

Soon after the event I informed the Rev. M. A. Bayfield, ex-head master of Eastbourne College, fully of the facts, as an interesting S.P.R. incident (saying at the same time that Myers had not been able to 'ward off' the blow); and he was good enough to send me a careful note in reply:—

'Horace does not, in any reference to his escape, say clearly whether the tree struck him, but I have always thought it did. He says Faunus lightened the blow; he does not say "turned it aside". As bearing on your terrible loss, the meaning seems to be that the blow would fall but would not crush; it would be "lightened" by the assurance conveyed afresh to you by a special message from the still living Myers, that your boy still lives.

'I shall be interested to know what you think of this interpretation. The "protect" I take to mean protect from being overwhelmed by the blow, from losing faith and hope, as we are all in danger of doing when smitten by some crushing personal calamity. Many a man when so smitten has, like Merlin, lain

> as dead,
> And lost to life and use and name and fame.

That seems to me to give a sufficiently precise application to the word (on which Myers apparently insists) and to the whole reference to Horace.'

In a postscript he adds the following:—

'The language implies that he was struck, and struck on the head. Indeed, the escape must have been a narrow one,

and it is to me impossible to believe that Horace would have been so deeply impressed by the accident if he had not actually been struck. He refers to it four times :—

Carm. ii. 13.—(Ode addressed to the tree—forty lines long.)
ii. 17. 27.
iii. 4. 27.—(Here he puts the risk he ran on a parallel with that of the rout at Philippi, from which he escaped.)
iii. 8. 8.

'I insist on all this as strengthening my interpretation, and also as strengthening the assignment of the script to Myers, who would of course be fully alive to all the points to be found in his reference to Faunus and Horace—and, as I have no doubt, believed that Horace did not escape the actual blow, and that it was a severe one.'

NOTE BY O. J. L.

Since some of the translators, especially verse translators, of Horace convey the idea of turning aside or warding off the blow, it may be well to emphasize the fact that most of the scholars consulted gave 'lightened' or 'weakened' as the translation. And Professor Strong says—'no doubt at all that "levasset" means "weakened" the blow; the bough fell and struck the Poet, but lightly, through the action of Faunus [the Latin variant of Pan]. "Levo" in this sense is quite common and classical.'

Bryce's prose translation (Bohn) is quite clear—'a tree-stem falling on my head had surely been my death, had not good Faunus eased the blow . . .' And although Conington's translation has 'check'd the blow in mid descent', he really means the same thing, because it is the slaying, not the wounding or striking of the Poet that is prevented :—

Me the curst trunk, that smote my skull,
Had slain; but Faunus, strong to shield
The friends of Mercury, check'd the blow
In mid descent.

Additional Piper Script

Mr. Bayfield also calls my attention to another portion of Piper Script—in this case not a trance or semi-trance sitting, but ordinary automatic writing—dated August 5, which reached me simultaneously with the one already quoted from, at the beginning of September, and which he says seems intended to prepare me for some personal trouble :—

> 'Yes. For the moment, Lodge, have faith and wisdom [? confidence] in all that is highest and best. Have you all not been profoundly guided and cared for? Can you answer, "No"? It is by your faith that all is well and has been.'

I remember being a little struck by the wording in the above script, urging me to admit that we—presumably the family—had 'been profoundly guided and cared for', and 'that all is well and has been'; because it seemed to indicate that something was not going to be quite so well. But it was too indefinite to lead me to make any careful record of it, or to send it as a prediction to anybody for filing; and it would no doubt have evaporated from my mind except for the 'Faunus' warning, given three days later, though received at the same time, which seemed to me clearly intended as a prediction, whether it happened to come off or not. As a matter of fact Raymond was killed just a week after my reception of the message.

CHAPTER VII

SEQUEL TO THE 'FAUNUS' MESSAGE

IT now remains to indicate how far Myers carried out his implied promise, and what steps he took, or has been represented as having taken, to lighten the blow—which it is permissible to say was a terribly severe one.

For such evidence I must quote from the record of sittings held here in England with mediums previously unknown, and by sitters who gave no sort of clue as to identity.

It may be objected that my own general appearance is known or might be guessed. But that does not apply to members of my family, who went quite anonymously to private sittings kindly arranged for by a friend in London (Mrs. Kennedy, wife of Dr. Kennedy), who was no relation whatever, but whose own personal experience of bereavement caused her to be sympathetic and helpful, and who is both keen and critical about evidential considerations. (See early paragraphs of Chap. IX.)

I may state, for what it is worth, that as a matter of fact normal clues to identity are disliked, and, in so far as they are gratuitous, are even resented, by a good medium; for they are no manner of use, and yet subsequently they appear to spoil evidence. It is practically impossible for mediums to hunt up and become normally acquainted with the family history of their numerous sitters, and those who know them are well aware that they do nothing of the sort; but in making arrangements for a sitting it is not easy, unless special precautions are taken, to avoid giving a name and an address, and thereby appearing to give facilities for fraud.

In our case, and in that of our immediate friends, pre-

cautions to secure complete anonymity were taken—sometimes in a rather elaborate manner.

Extracts Relating to 'Myers' from Early Anonymous Sittings

We heard first of Raymond's death on September 17, 1915, and on September 25, his mother (M. F. A. L.), who was having an anonymous sitting for a friend with Mrs. Leonard, then a complete stranger, had the following spelt out by tilts of a table, as purporting to come from Raymond:—

Tell father I have met some friends of his.

M. F. A. L.—Can you give any name?

Yes. Myers.

(That was all on that subject on that occasion.)

On the 27th of September, 1915, I myself went to London and had my first sitting, between noon and one o'clock, with Mrs. Leonard. I went to her house or flat alone, as a complete stranger, for whom an anonymous appointment had been made. Before we began, Mrs. Leonard informed me that her 'control' was a young girl named 'Feda'.

In a short time after the medium had gone into trance, a youth was described in terms which distinctly suggested Raymond, and 'Feda' brought messages. The "Paul" referred to in them is the deceased son of Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, he having been asked by his parents privately to help Raymond if he could. Paul had already several times communicated with his mother through Feda. From the record of my sitting I extract the following:—

From First Anonymous Sitting of O. J. L. with Mrs. Leonard, September 27, 1915

(Mrs. Leonard's control, Feda, supposed to be speaking throughout.)

There is some one here with a little difficulty; not fully built-up; youngish looking; form more like an

outline; he has not completely learnt how to build up as yet. Is a young man, rather above the medium height; rather well built, not thick set or heavy, but well built. He holds himself up well. He has not been over long. His hair is between colours. He is not easy to describe, because he is not building himself up so solid as some do. He has greyish eyes; hair brown, short at the sides; a fine-shaped head; eyebrows also brown, not much arched; nice-shaped nose, fairly straight, broader at the nostrils a little; a nice-shaped mouth, a good-sized mouth it is, but it does not look large because he holds the lips nicely together; chin not heavy; face oval. He is not built up quite clearly, but it feels as if Feda knew him. He must have been here waiting for you. Now he looks at Feda and smiles; now he laughs, he is having a joke with Feda, and Paulie laughs too. Paul says he has been here before, and that Paul brought him. But Feda sees many hundreds of people, but they tell me this one has been brought quite lately. Yes, I have seen him before. Feda remembers a letter with him too. R, that is to do with him.

He has been to see you before, and he says that once he thought you knew he was there, and that two or three times he was not quite sure. Feda gets it mostly by impression; it is not always what he says, but what she gets; but Feda says 'he says', because she gets it from him somehow.[1]

He finds it difficult, he says, but he has got so many kind friends helping him. He didn't think when he waked up first that he was going to be happy, but now he is, and he says he is going to be happier. He knows that as soon as he is a little more ready he has got a great deal of work to do. 'I almost wonder,' he says, 'shall I be fit and able to do it. They tell me I shall.'

'I have instructors and teachers with me.' Now

[1] Note this, as an elucidatory statement.

he is trying to build up a letter of some one; M. he shows me.

He seems to know what the work is. The first work he will have to do, will be helping at the Front; not the wounded so much, but helping those who are passing over in the war. He knows that when they pass on and wake up, they still feel a certain fear—and some other word which Feda missed. Feda hears a something and 'fear'. Some even go on fighting; at least they want to; they don't believe they have passed on. So that many are wanted, where he is now, to explain to them and help them and soothe them. They do not know where they are, nor why they are there.

'People think I say I am happy in order to make them happier, but I don't.[1] I have met hundreds of friends. I don't know them all. I have met many who tell me that, a little later, they will explain why they are helping me. I feel I have got two fathers now. I don't feel I have lost one and got another; I have got both. I have got my old one, and another too—a *pro tem.* father.' ['Myers' soon afterwards spoke of having practically 'adopted' him.]

There is a weight gone off his mind the last day or two; he feels brighter and lighter and happier altogether, the last few days. There was confusion at first. He could not get his bearings, didn't seem to know where he was. 'But I was not very long,' he says, 'and I think I was very fortunate; it was not very long before it was explained to me where I was.'

Feda feels like a string round her head; a tight feeling in the head, and also an empty sort of feeling in the chest, empty, as if sort of something gone. A feeling like a sort of vacant feeling there; also a bursting sensation in the head. But he does not know he is giving this. He has not done it on purpose,

[1] This is reminiscent of a sentence in one of his letters from the Front: 'As cheerful and well and happy as ever. Don't think I am having a rotten time—I am not.' Dated May 11, 1915 (really 12).

they have tried to make him forget all that, but Feda gets it from him. There is a noise with it too, an awful noise and a rushing noise.

He has lost all that now, but he does not seem to know why Feda feels it now. 'I feel splendid,' he says, 'I feel splendid! But I was worried at first. I was worried, for I was wanting to make it clear to those left behind that I was all right, and that they were not to worry about me.'

He is gone, but Feda sees something which is only symbolic; she sees a cross falling back on to you; very dark, falling on to you; dark and heavy looking; and as it falls it gets twisted round and the other side seems all light, and the light is shining all over you. It is a sort of pale blue, but it is white and quite light when it touches you. Yes, that is what Feda sees. The cross looked dark, and then it suddenly twisted round and became a beautiful light. The cross is a means of shedding real light. It is going to help a great deal. . . . Your son is the cross of light; he is the cross of light, and he is going to be a light that will help you; he is going to help you to prove to the world the Truth. That is why they built up the dark cross that turned to bright. You know; but others, they do so want to know. Feda is loosing hold; good-bye.

[*This ends the O. J. L. first Leonard sitting of September 27,* 1915.]

On the afternoon of the same day, September 27, 1915, that I had this first sitting with Mrs. Leonard, Lady Lodge had her first sitting, as a complete stranger, with Mr. A. Vout Peters, who had been invited for the purpose—without any name being given—to Mrs. Kennedy's house at 3.30 p.m.

Here again, Raymond was described well enough, fairly early in the sitting, and several identifying messages were given. Presently 'Moonstone' (Peters's chief control) asked,

'Was he not associated with Chemistry?' As a matter of fact, my laboratory has been rather specially chemical of late; and the record continues, copied as it stands with subsequent annotations in square brackets:—

From First Anonymous Sitting of M. F. A. L. with Peters, September 27, 1915

Was he not associated with chemistry? If not, some one associated with him was, because I see all the things in a chemical laboratory.

That chemistry thing takes me away from him to a man in the flesh [O. J. L. presumably]; and, connected with him, a man, a writer of poetry, on our side, closely connected with spiritualism. He was very clever—he too passed away out of England.

[This is clearly meant for Myers, who died in Rome.]

He has communicated several times, this gentleman who wrote poetry—I see the letter M—he is helping your son to communicate.

[His presence and help were also independently mentioned by Mrs. Leonard.]

He is built up in the chemical conditions.

If your son didn't know this man, he knew of him.

[Yes, he could hardly have known him, as he was only about twelve at the time of Myers's death.]

At the back of the gentleman beginning with M, and who wrote poetry, is a whole group of people. [The S.P.R. group, doubtless.] They are very interested. And don't be surprised if you get messages from them, even if you don't know them.

(Then 'Moonstone' stopped, and said:—)

This is so important that is going to be said now, that I want to go slowly, for you to write clearly every word (dictating carefully):—

'NOT ONLY IS THE PARTITION SO THIN THAT YOU CAN HEAR THE OPERATORS ON THE OTHER SIDE, BUT A BIG HOLE HAS BEEN MADE.

This message is for the gentleman associated with the chemical laboratory.

[Considering that my wife was quite unknown to the medium, this is a remarkably evidential and identifying message. Cf. passage in my book, *Survival of Man*, containing this tunnel-boring simile; p. 337 of large edition, p. 234 of shilling edition.[1] —O. J. L.]

'Moonstone' continued:—
The boy—I call them all boys because I was over a hundred when I lived here and they are all boys to me—he says, he is here, but he says:—
'Hitherto it has been a thing of the head, now I am come over it is a thing of the heart.'
What is more (here Peters jumped up in his chair, vigorously, snapped his fingers excitedly, and spoke loudly)—
'Good God! how father will be able to speak out! much firmer than he has ever done, because it will touch our hearts.'

(*Here ends extract from Peters sitting of September 27, 1915.*)

At a Leonard Table Sitting on October 12, 1915—by which time our identity was known to Mrs. Leonard—I told 'Myers' that I understood his Piper message about Faunus and the Poet; and the only point of interest about the reply or comment is that the two following sentences were spelt out, purporting to come either indirectly or directly from 'Myers':—

1. He says it meant your son's tr[ansition].
2. Your son shall be mine.

[1] For ease of reference the passage is here quoted:—'The boundary between the two states—the known and the unknown—is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places; and like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side.'

The next 'Myers' reference came on October 29, when I had a sitting with Peters, unexpectedly and unknown to my family, at his London room—a sitting arranged for by Mr. J. A. Hill for an anonymous friend:—

Peters went into trance, and after some other communications, gave messages from a youth who was recognized by the control and identified as my son; and later on Peters's 'control', whom it is customary to call 'Moonstone', spoke thus:—

From Sitting of O. J. L. with Peters on October 29, 1915

> Your common-sense method of approaching the subject in the family has been the means of helping him to come back as he has been able to do; and had he not known what you had told him, then it would have been far more difficult for him to come back. He is very deliberate in what he says. He is a young man that knows what he is saying. Do you know F W M?

O. J. L.—Yes, I do.

> Because I see those three letters. Now, after them, do you know S T; yes, I get S T, then a dot, and then P? These are shown me; I see them in light; your boy shows these things to me.

O. J. L.—Yes, I understand. [Meaning that I recognized the allusion to F. W. H. Myers's poem, *St. Paul.*]

> Well, he says to me: 'He has helped me so much, more than you think. That is F W M.'

O. J. L.—Bless him!

> No, your boy laughs, he has got an ulterior motive for it; don't think it was only for charity's sake, he has got an ulterior motive, and thinks that you will be able by the strength of your personality to do what you want to do now, to ride over the quibbles of the fools, and to make the Society, *the* Society, he says, of some use to the world. . . . Can you understand?

O. J. L.—Yes.

Now he says, 'He helped me because, with me through you, he can break away the dam that people have set up. Later on, you are going to speak to them. It is already on the programme, and you will break down the opposition because of me.' Then he says, 'For God's sake, father, do it. Because if you only knew, and could only see what I see: hundreds of men and women heart-broken. And if you could only see the boys on our side shut out, you would throw the whole strength of yourself into this work. But you can do it.' He is very earnest. Oh, and he wants—No, I must stop him, I must prevent him, I don't want him to control the medium.—Don't think me unkind, but I must protect my medium; he would not be able to do the work he has to do; the medium would be ill from it, I must protect him, the emotion would be too great, too great for both of you, so I must prevent him from controlling.

He understands, but he wants me to tell you this:—

The feeling on going over was one of intense disappointment, he had no idea of death. The second too was grief. (Pause.)

. . . . . .

This is a time when men and women have had the crust broken off them—a crust of convention, of . . . of indifference, has been smashed, and everybody thinks, though some selfishly.

Now, returning to him, how patient he is! He was not always so patient. After the grief there was a glimmering of hope, because he realized that he could get back to you; and because his grandmother came to him. Then his brother was introduced to him. Then, he says, other people. Myerse—'Myerse,' it sounds like—do you know what he means?—came to him, and then he knew he could get back. He knew.

Now he wants me to tell you this: That from

his death, which is only one of thousands, that the work which he (I have to translate his ideas into words, I don't get them verbatum [*sic*])—the work which he volunteered to be able to succeed in,—no that's not it. The work which he enlisted for, that is what he says, only he was only a unit and seemingly lost—yet the very fact of his death will be the means of pushing it on. Now I have got it. By his passing away, many hundreds will be benefited.

(*End of Extract from Peters sitting of October* 29, 1915.)

(A still fuller account of the whole 'Faunus' episode, and a further sequel to it of a classical kind, called the 'Horace O. L." message, will be found in the S.P.R. *Proceedings* for the autumn of 1916.)

It will be understood, I hope, that the above extracts from sittings have been reproduced here in order to show that, if we take the incidents on their face value, Myers had redeemed the 'Faunus' promise, and had lightened the blow by looking after and helping my son 'on the other side', and assisting him to communicate with members of his family. I now propose to make some further extracts—of a more evidential character—tending to establish the survival of my son's own personality and memory. There have been several of these evidential episodes, making strongly in this direction; but I select, for description here, one relating to a certain group photograph, of which we were told through two mediums, but of which we normally knew nothing till afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GROUP PHOTOGRAPH

I NOW come to a peculiarly good piece of evidence arising out of the sittings which from time to time we held in the autumn of 1915, namely, the mention and description of a group photograph taken near the Front, of the existence of which we were in complete ignorance, but which was afterwards verified in a satisfactory and complete manner. It is necessary to report the circumstances rather fully :—

Raymond was killed on September 14, 1915.

The first reference to a photograph taken of him with other men was made by Peters at M. F. A. L.'s first sitting with Peters, in Mrs. Kennedy's house, on September 27, 1915, thus :—

Extract from M. F. A. L.'s anonymous Sitting with Peters on September 27, 1915

> 'You have several portraits of this boy. Before he went away you had got a good portrait of him—two —no, three. Two where he is alone and one where he is in a group of other men. He is particular that I should tell you of this. In one you see his walking-stick'—(Peters here put an imaginary stick under his arm).

We had single photographs of him, of course, and in uniform, but we did not know of the existence of a photograph in which he was one of a group ; and M. F. A. L. was sceptical about it, thinking that it might well be only a shot or guess

on the part of Peters at something probable. But Mrs. Kennedy (as Note-taker) had written down most of what was said, and this record was kept, copied, and sent in the ordinary course at the time to Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who often assists me with psychic correspondence and used to file records for me.

I was myself, moreover, rather impressed with the emphasis laid on it—' he is particular that I should tell you of this '—and accordingly made a half-hearted inquiry or two; but nothing more was heard on the subject for two months. On Monday, November 29, however, a letter came from Mrs. Cheves, a stranger to us, mother of Captain Cheves of the R.A.M.C., who had known Raymond and had reported to us concerning the nature of his wound, and who was still doing good work at the Front.

Mrs. Cheves's welcome letter ran as follows :—

November 28, 1915

' DEAR LADY LODGE,—My son, who is M.O. to the 2nd South Lancs., has sent us a group of officers taken in August, and I wondered whether you knew of this photo and had had a copy. If not may I send you one, as we have half a dozen and also a key ? I hope you will forgive my writing to ask this, but I have often thought of you and felt so much for you in yr. great sorrow. —Sincerely yours, B. P. CHEVES.'

M. F. A. L. promptly wrote, thanking her, and asking for it; but fortunately it did not come at once.

Before it came, I (O. J. L.) was having a sitting with Mrs. Leonard alone at her house on December 3; and on this occasion, among other questions, I asked carefully concerning the photograph, wishing to get more detailed information about it, before it was seen. It should be understood that the subject was not introduced by Mrs. Leonard or her control. The previous mention of a photograph had been through Peters. It was I that introduced the subject through Mrs. Leonard, and asked a question; and the answers were thus reported and recorded at the time—the typing out of the sitting being all done before the photograph arrived :—

Extract from the Record of O. J. L.'s Sitting with Mrs. Leonard, December 3, 1915

(Mrs. Leonard's child-control, Feda, supposed to be speaking, and often speaking of herself in the third person.)

FEDA.—Now ask him some more.

O. J. L.—Well, he said something about having a photograph taken with some other men. We haven't seen that photograph yet. Does he want to say anything more about it? He spoke about a photograph.

FEDA.—Yes, but he thinks it wasn't here. He looks at Feda, and he says, it wasn't to you, Feda.

O. J. L.—No, he's quite right. It wasn't. Can he say where he spoke of it?

FEDA.—He says it wasn't through the table.

O. J. L.—No, it wasn't.

FEDA.—It wasn't here at all. He didn't know the person that he said it through. The conditions were strange there—a strange house. [Quite true, it was said through Peters in Mrs. Kennedy's house during an anonymous sitting on September 27.]

O. J. L.—Do you recollect the photograph at all?

FEDA.—He thinks there were several others taken with him, not one or two, but several.

O. J. L.—Were they friends of yours?

FEDA.—Some of them, he says. He didn't know them all, not very well. But he knew some; he heard of some; they were not all friends.

O. J. L.—Does he remember how he looked in the photograph?

FEDA.—No, he doesn't remember how he looked.

O. J. L.—No, no, I mean, was he standing up?

FEDA.—No, he doesn't seem to think so. Some were raised up round; he was sitting down, and some were raised up at the back of him. Some were standing, and some were sitting, he thinks.

O. J. L.—Were they soldiers?

FEDA.—He says yes—a mixed lot. Somebody called C

was on it with him ; and somebody called R—not his own name, but another R. K, K, K—he says something about K.

He also mentions a man beginning with B—(indistinct muttering something like Berry, Burney —then clearly) but put down B.

O. J. L.—I am asking about the photograph because we haven't seen it yet. Somebody is going to send it to us. We have heard that it exists, and that 's all.

[While this is being written out, the above remains true. The photograph has not yet come.]

FEDA.—He has the impression of about a dozen on it. A dozen, he says, if not more. Feda thinks it must be a big photograph.

No, he doesn't think so, he says they were grouped close together.

O. J. L.—Did he have a stick ?

FEDA.—He doesn't remember that. He remembers that somebody wanted to lean on him, but he is not sure if he was taken with some one leaning on him. But somebody wanted to lean on him he remembers. The last what he gave you, what were a B, will be rather prominent in that photograph. It wasn't taken in a photographer's place.

O. J. L.—Was it out of doors ?

FEDA.—Yes, practically (*sotto voce*).—What you mean, ' yes practically ' ; must have been out of doors or not out of doors. You mean ' yes ', don't you ?

Feda thinks he means ' yes ', because he says ' practically '.

O. J. L.—It may have been a shelter.

FEDA.—It might have been. Try to show Feda.

At the back he shows me lines going down. It looks like a black background, with lines at the back of them. (Mrs. Leonard's hand here kept drawing vertical lines in the air.)

There was, for some reason, considerable delay in the arrival of the photograph ; it did not arrive till the afternoon of December 7. Meanwhile, on December 6, Lady Lodge had been looking up Raymond's Diary, which had been returned from the Front with his kit, and found an entry :—

'*August* 24.—Photo taken.'

(A statement will follow to this effect.)

Now Raymond had only had one 'leave' home since going to the Front, and this leave was from July 16 to July 20. The photograph had not been taken then, and so he could not have told us anything about it. The exposure was only made twenty-one days before his death, and some days may have elapsed before he saw a print, if he ever saw one. He certainly never mentioned it in his letters. We were therefore in complete ignorance concerning it ; and only recently had we normally become aware of its existence.

On the morning of December 7 another note came from Mrs. Cheves, in answer to a question about the delay ; and this letter said that the photograph was being sent off. Accordingly I (O. J. L.), thinking that the photograph might be coming at once, dictated a letter to go to Mr. Hill, recording roughly my impression of what the photograph would be like, on the strength of the communication received by me from 'Raymond' through Mrs. Leonard; and this was posted about lunch-time on the same day. My statement to Mr. Hill ran thus :—

Copy of what was written by O. J. L. to Mr. Hill about the Photograph on the morning of Tuesday, December 7, 1915

Concerning that photograph which Raymond mentioned through Peters [saying this: 'One where he is in a group of other men. He is particular that I should tell you of this. In one you see his walking-stick.'],[1] he has said some more about it through Mrs. Leonard. But he is doubtful about the stick. What he says is that there is a considerable number of men in the photograph ; that the front row is sitting, and that there is a back row, or some of the people grouped and set up at the

[1] This bit not written to J. A. H., but is copied from Peters's sitting, of which Mr. Hill had seen the record.

back ; also that there are a dozen or more people in the photograph, and that some of them he hardly knew ; that a B is prominent in the photograph, and that there is also a C ; that he himself is sitting down, and that there are people behind him, one of whom either leant on his shoulder, or tried to.

The photograph has not come yet, but it may come any day now ; so I send this off before I get it.

The actual record of what was said in the sitting is being typed, but the above represents my impression of it.

The photograph was delivered at Mariemont between 3 and 4 p.m. on the afternoon of December 7. It was a wet afternoon, and the package was received by Raymond's sister Rosalynde, who took the wet wrapper off it. Its size was 12 by 9 inches, and was an enlargement from a 5 by 7 inch original. The number of people in the photograph is twenty-one, made up as follows :—

Five in the front row squatting on the grass, Raymond being one of these ; the second from the right.
Seven in the second row seated upon chairs.
Nine in the back row standing up against the outside of a temporary wooden structure such as might be a hospital shed or something of that kind.

On examining the photograph we found that every peculiarity mentioned by Raymond, unaided by the medium, was strikingly correct. The walking-stick is there (but Peters had put a stick under his arm, which is not correct), and in connexion with the background Feda had indicated vertical lines, not only by gesture, but by saying ' lines going down ', as well as ' a black background with lines at the back of them '. There are six conspicuous nearly vertical lines on the roof of the shed, but the horizontal lines in the background generally are equally conspicuous.

By a ' mixed lot ', we understood members of different Companies—not all belonging to Raymond's Company, but a collection from several. This must be correct, as they are

too numerous for one Company. It is probable that they all belong to one Regiment, except perhaps one whose cap seems to have a thistle badge instead of three feathers.

As to ' prominence ', I have asked several people which member of the group seemed to them the most prominent ; and except as regards central position, a well-lighted standing figure on the right has usually been pointed to as most prominent. This one is ' B ', as stated, namely, Captain S. T. Boast.

Some of the officers must have been barely known to Raymond, while some were his friends. Officers whose names begin with B, with C, and with R were among them ; though not any name beginning with K. The nearest approach to a K-sound in the group is one beginning with a hard C.

Some of the group are sitting, while others are standing behind. Raymond is one of those sitting on the ground in front, and his walking-stick or regulation cane is lying across his feet.

The background is dark, and is conspicuously lined.

It is out of doors, close in front of a shed or military hut, pretty much as suggested to me by the statements made in the ' Leonard ' sitting—what I called a ' shelter '.

But by far the most striking piece of evidence is the fact that some one sitting behind Raymond is leaning or resting a hand on his shoulder. The photograph fortunately shows the actual occurrence, and almost indicates that Raymond was rather annoyed with it ; for his face is a little screwed up, and his head has been slightly bent to one side out of the way of the man's arm. It is the only case in the photograph where one man is leaning or resting his hand on the shoulder of another, and I judge that it is a thing not unlikely to be remembered by the one to whom it occurred.

Confirmatory Statement by Raymond's Mother

Four days ago (December 6), I was looking through my son Raymond's Diary which had been returned with his kit from the Front. (The edges are soaked, and some of the leaves stuck together, with his blood.) I was struck by finding an entry

GROUP OF OFFICERS, AS SENT US BY MRS. CHEVES ON DECEMBER 7, 1915, SHOWING AN ARM RESTING ON RAYMOND'S SHOULDER

'Photo taken' under the date August 24, and I entered the fact in my own Diary at once, thus :—

'*December* 6.—Read Raymond's Diary for first time, saw record of "photo taken" August 24.'

(Signed) MARY F. A. LODGE

December 10, 1915

It is unnecessary to call attention to the importance of the photograph incident; but he spoke later of another photograph, in which he said was included his friend Case. That photograph we also obtained from Gale & Polden, and it is true that Case is in it as well as Raymond, whereas he was not in the former group; but this one is entirely different from the other, for they are both in a back row standing up, and in a quite open place. If this had been sent to us at first, instead of the right one, we should have considered the description quite wrong. As it is, the main photograph episode constitutes one of the best pieces of evidence that has been given.

CHAPTER IX

SPECIMENS OF THE EARLIEST SITTINGS

ALTHOUGH this episode of the photograph is a good and evidential one, I should be sorry to base an important conclusion on any one piece of evidence, however cogent. All proofs are really cumulative; and though it is legitimate to emphasize anything like a crucial instance, it always needs supplementing by many others, lest there may have been some oversight. Accordingly, I now proceed to quote from sittings held by members of the family after Raymond's death—laying stress upon those which were arranged for, and held throughout, in an anonymous manner, so that there was not the slightest normal clue to identity. For this purpose I go back in point of time to the days immediately subsequent to the death.

The first message came to us through a recent friend of ours in London, Mrs. Kennedy, who herself has the power of automatic writing, and who, having lost her specially beloved son Paul, has had her hand frequently controlled by him—usually only so as to give affectionate messages, but sometimes in a moderately evidential way. She had been sceptical about the genuineness of this power apparently possessed by herself; and it was her painful uncertainty on this point that had brought her into correspondence with me, for she was trying to test her own writing in various ways, as she was so anxious not to be deceived.

On seeing the announcement of Mr. R. Lodge's death in a newspaper, Mrs. Kennedy 'spoke' to Paul about it, and asked him to help. On the 21st, while Mrs. Kennedy was

writing in her garden on ordinary affairs, her own hand suddenly wrote as from her son Paul :—

> 'I am here. . . . I have seen that boy Sir Oliver's son ; he's better, and has had a splendid rest, tell his people.'

On September 22, Mrs. Kennedy, while having what she called a 'talk' with Paul, suddenly wrote automatically :—

> 'I shall bring Raymond to his father when he comes to see you. . . . He is so jolly, every one loves him ; he has found heaps of his own folks here, and he is settling down wonderfully. Do TELL HIS FATHER AND MOTHER. . . . He spoke clearly to-day. . . . He doesn't fight like the others, he seems so settled already. It is a ripping thing to see one boy like this. He has been sleeping a long time, but he has spoken to-day. . . .
>
> 'If you people only knew how we long to come, they would all call us.'
>
> [Capitals indicate large and emphatic writing.]

On the 23rd, during Lady Lodge's call, Mrs. Kennedy's hand wrote what purported to be a brief message from Raymond, thus :—

> 'I am here, mother. . . . I have been to Alec already, but he can't hear me. I do wish he would believe that we are here safe ; it isn't a dismal hole like people think, it is a place where there is life.'

And again :

> 'Wait till I have learned better how to speak like this. . . . We can express all we want later ; give me time.'

I need hardly say that there is nothing evidential in all this, though much that is natural.

Table Sitting at Mrs. Leonard's

Next day (Saturday, September 25, 1915) Lady Lodge and Mrs. Kennedy took a French lady (Madame le Breton,

a widow who had lost her two only sons, Guy and Didier within one week in the war and was heart-broken) to Mrs. Leonard's house for a sitting with a table, and Dr. Kennedy kindly accompanied them to take notes.

The three ladies and the medium sat round a small table, with their hands lightly on it, and it tilted in the usual way. The plan adopted here is for the table to tilt as each letter of the alphabet is spoken by the medium, and to stop, or 'hold', when a right letter is reached.

Reasonable and natural messages were spelt out in French; Guy gave his own name, and many messages. The other son of Madame was named Didier, and an unsuccessful attempt to spell this name was made, but the only result was Dodi. Raymond also gave the name of one of his own sisters, and appropriate messages.

On September 28, my wife and I together had a table sitting with Mrs. Leonard, who by this time knew who we were. It was, I think, the first joint-sitting of any kind which we had had since the old Piper days.

Note by O. J. L. on Table Tiltings

A table sitting is not good for conversation, but it is useful for getting definite brief answers, such as names and incidents, since it seems to be less interfered with by the mental activity of an intervening medium, and to be rather more direct. But it has difficulties of its own. The tilting of the table need not be regarded as a 'physical phenomenon' in the technical or supernormal sense, yet it does not *appear* to be done by the muscles of those present. The effort required to tilt the table is slight, and evidentially it must, no doubt, be assumed that so far as mechanical force is concerned, it is exerted by muscular action. But my impression is that the tilting is an incipient physical phenomenon, and that though the energy, of course, comes from the people present, it does not appear to be applied in quite a normal way.

As regards evidence, however, the issue must be limited to intelligent direction of the energy. All that can safely be claimed is that the energy is intelligently directed, and

the self-stoppage of the table at the right letter conveys by touch a sort of withholding feeling—a kind of sensation as of inhibition—to those whose hands lie flat on the top of the table. The light was always quite sufficient to see all the hands, and it works quite well in full daylight. The usual method is for the alphabet to be called over, and for the table to tilt or thump at each letter, till it stops at the right one. The table tilts three times to indicate 'yes', and once to indicate 'no'; but as one tilt also represents the letter A of the alphabet, an error of interpretation is occasionally made by the sitters. So also C might perhaps be mistaken for 'yes', or vice versa; but that mistake is not so likely.

Unconscious guidance can hardly be excluded, i.e. cannot be excluded with any certainty when the answer is of a kind expected. But first, our desire was rather in the direction of avoiding such control; and second, the stoppages were sometimes at unexpected places; and third, a long succession of letters soon becomes meaningless, except to the recorder who is writing them down silently, as they are called out to him *seriatim*, in another part of the room.

It will also be observed that at a table sitting it is natural for the sitters to do most of the talking, and that their object is to get definite and not verbose replies.

On this occasion the control of the table seemed to improve as the sitting went on, owing presumably to increased practice on the part of the communicator, until towards the end, when there seemed to be some signs of weariness or incipient exhaustion; and, since the sitting lasted an hour and a half, tiredness is in no way surprising.

Table Sitting with Mrs. Leonard, Tuesday, September 28, 1915, at 5.30 p.m.

Present—O. J. L., M. F. A. L., Mrs. Kennedy (K. K.), with Dr. Kennedy at another Table as Recorder

A small partly wicker table with a square top was used, about 18 inches square. O. J. L. and M. F. A. L. sat opposite to each other; K. K. and Mrs. Leonard occupied the other positions, Mrs. Leonard to the right of O. J. L. After four minutes' interval the table began to tilt.

The name PAUL was first spelt out, and then :—

RAYMOND WANTS TO COME HIMSELF.

Here his mother (M. F. A. L.) ejaculated : 'Dear Raymond', and sighed unconsciously.

The table spelt—it being understood that Raymond had now taken control :—

DO NOT SIGH.

M. F. A. L.—Was I sighing ?

O. J. L.—Raymond, your mother is much happier now.

YES.

O. J. L.—Now then, shall I ask you questions ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Well now, wait a minute and take your time, and I will ask the first question :—

'What did the boys call you ?'

The reply was PAT.

[This was, of course, well in our knowledge and therefore not strictly evidential, but it would not be in the knowledge of the medium nor of Mrs. Kennedy.] (Cf. p. 87.)

O. J. L.—Well, now, you have done that, shall I ask another ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Will you give the name of a brother ?

The alphabet was repeated as usual by the medium, in a monotonous manner, the table tilting as before

and stopping first at N
then at O
then going past E, it stopped at R
and the next time at M

then, by a single tilt, it indicated A or else 'No'.

O. J. L., thinking that the letters R and M were wrong, because the (to him) meaningless name NORMAN was evidently being given, took it as 'No', and said :—

O. J. L.—You are confused now, better begin again.

The name accordingly was begun again, and this time it spelt

NOËL.

O. J. L.—That is right. [But see Appended Note.]

A slight pause took place here ; the table then indicated that it wanted the alphabet again, and spelt out an apparently single meaningless word which Dr. Kennedy, as he wrote the letters down, perceived to be

FIRE AWAY.

O. J. L.—Oh ! You want another question ! Would you like to say the name of an officer ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Very well then, spell it.

Table spelt :—

MITCHELL.

O. J. L.—Then the officer's name is Mitchell ?

YES.

M. F. A. L.—Raymond, I don't know Mitchell.

No.

O. J. L.—Well, that will be better evidence.

YES.

O. J. L.—Is that why you chose it ?

YES.

AER

MEDIUM (*sotto voce*).—No, that can't be right.

O. J. L. (*ditto*).—I don't know ; it may be. Go on.

OPLANE.

O. J. L.—You mean that Mitchell is an aeroplane officer ?

' YES ' (very loud).

O. J. L.—Raymond, have you plenty to do over there ?

Loud ' YES '.

O. J. L.—Well, look here, I am going to give another name away.

No.

O. J. L.—Oh ! You prefer not ! Very well, I will ask you in this way : Have you met any particular friend of mine ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Very well then, spell his name.

The table spelt :—

MYERS AND GRANDFATHER

M. F. A. L.—Is he with Myers and Gurney ?

Emphatic ' No '.

M. F. A. L.—Which grandfather is it that you mean ? Give the first letter of his Christian name.

W.

M. F. A. L.—Dear Grandpapa ! He would be sure to come and help you ! [See pages 104 and 152.]

O. J. L.—I say, do you like this table method better than the ' Feda ' method ?

YES.

O. J. L.—You were interested in Italy ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Do you remember anyone special in Italy ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Well, spell the name.

(A name was spelt correctly.)

M. F. A. L.—You *are* clever at this !

Loud ' YES '.

O. J. L.—You always did like mechanical things.

YES.

O. J. L.—Can you explain how you do this ? I mean how you work the table ?

The table then spelt with the alphabet for a long time, and as the words were not divided up, the sitters lost touch, one after the other, with what was being said. I, for instance, lost touch after the word 'magnetism', and, for all I knew, it was nonsense that was being said ; but the recorder put all the letters down as they came, each letter being called out by me according to the stoppages of the table, and the record reads thus :—

YOU ALL SUPPLY MAGNETISM GATHERED IN MEDIUM, AND THAT GOES INTO TABLE ; AND WE MANIPULATE.

[The interest of this is due to the fact that the table was spelling out coherent words without any division between them, so that we ourselves could hardly, under the circumstances, be exercising any control. Naturally, this does not prevent the medium from being supposed to be tilting out a message herself, and hence it is quite unevidential of course ; but, in innumerable other cases, the things said were quite outside the knowledge of the medium.]

O. J. L.—It is not what *I* should call 'magnetism', is it ?

No.

O. J. L.—But you do not object to the term ?

No.

M. F. A. L.—Can you see me, Raymond, at other times when I am not with a medium ?

Alphabet called for, and spelt :—

SOMETIMES.

M. F. A. L.—You mean when I think of you ?

YES.

O. J. L.—That must be often.

Loud 'YES'.

[When a 'loud' YES or NO is stated, it means that the table tilted violently, bumping on the floor and making a noise which impressed the recorder, so that the words 'loud bumps' were added in the record.]

[I then asked him about some houses (of which he had specified some identifying features at a previous sitting through Peters on September 27). He seemed to regret that there had been some confusion, and now correctly spelt out GROVEPARK as the name of one house, and NEWCASTLE as the place where 'Mother's home' was. But I omit details.

O. J. L.—Now you must rest.

YES.
M. F. A. L.—One of your record sleeps.
Loud 'YES.'

(*End of sitting.*)

To complete the record I shall append the few annotations which I made a couple of days afterwards, before I supplement them with later information.

Contemporary Annotations for Table Sittings on September 28

Very many things were given right at the sitting above recorded, and in most cases the rightness will be clear from the comments of the sitters as recorded. But two names are given on which further annotation is necessary, because the sitters did not understand them; in other words, they were such as, if confirmed, would furnish excellent and indeed exceptional evidence.

The first is 'Norman', about which a very important report could be made at once; but I think it better not to put anything in writing on that subject even now, at the present stage, since it is quite distinct, unforgettable, and of the first importance.

The other is the name 'Mitchell', which at present we have had no opportunity of verifying; hence annotation on that must be postponed. Suffice it to say that to-day (October 6, 1915) it remains unknown. Whether an Army List has been published this year seems doubtful, and on the whole unlikely; and no Army List later than 1909 has been so far accessible. Such few inquiries as have up to now been made have drawn blank. [See, however, two pages further on.]

NOTE BY O. J. L. ABOUT THE NAME 'NORMAN'

It appears that 'Norman' was a kind of general nickname; and especially that when the boys played hockey together, which they often did in the field here, by way of getting

concentrated exercise, Raymond, who was specially active at this game, had a habit of shouting out, ' Now then, Norman ', or other words of encouragement, to any of his older brothers whom he wished to stimulate, especially apparently Lionel, though sometimes Alec and the others. That is what I am now told, and I can easily realize the manner of it. But I can testify that I was not aware that a name like this was used, nor was Lady Lodge, we two being the only members of the family present at the Leonard table sitting where the name ' Norman ' was given. (See p. 82.)

It will be remembered that at that sitting I first asked him what name the boys had called him, and, after a few partial failures, obviously only due to mismanagement of the table, he replied, ' Pat ', which was quite right. I then asked if he would like to give the name of a brother, and he replied ' Norman ', which I thought was quite wrong. I did not even allow him to finish the last letter. I said he was confused, and had better begin again ; after which he amended it to ' Noël ', which I accepted as correct. But it will now be observed that the name ' Norman ' was the best he could possibly give, as a kind of comprehensive nickname applicable to almost any brother. And a nickname was an appropriate kind of response, because we had already had the nickname ' Pat '. Furthermore, on subsequent occasions he explained that it was the name by which he had called Lionel ; and, through Mrs. Kennedy—if she did not make a mistake—that it was a name he had called Alec by. It is quite possible, however, that he had intended to say ' Lionel ' on that occasion, and that she got it wrong. I am not sure how that may be. Again, at a later stage, in a family sitting —no medium present—one of the boys said, ' Pat, do you remember " Norman " ? ' at which with some excitement, the girls only touching the table, he spelt out ' HOCKEY ' ; thus completing the whole incident.

The most evidential portions, however, are those obtained when nobody present understood what was being said—namely, first, the spelling of the name ' Norman ' when those present thought that it was all a mistake after the first two letters ; and secondly, the explanation through Mrs. Kennedy

that it was a name by which he had called one of his brothers, showing that it was originally given by no accident but with intention.

As to the name 'Pat' (p. 82), I extract the following from a diary of Noël, as evidence that it was very much Raymond's nickname; but of course we knew it:—

1914

Sept. 9. Pat goes to L'pool *re* Commission.
,, 10. Pat gets commission in 3rd South Lanc's.
,, 14. Pat collecting kit. We inspect revolvers.
,, 18. Pat comes up to Harborne for some rifle practice. Does not find it too easy.
,, 19. I become member of Harborne Rifle Club.
,, 20. Pat shoots again.
,, 23. Pat leaves for L'pool to start his training at Great Crosby.
I give up commission-idea for the present.
Oct. 17. Pat comes home to welcome Parents back from Australia.
,, 20. Pat returns to L'pool.'

Note on the name 'Mitchell' (added later)

It can be remembered that, when asked on September 28 for the name of an officer, Raymond spelt out MITCHELL, and indicated decisively that the word AEROPLANE was connected with him; he also assented to the idea that he was one whom the family didn't know, and that so it would be better as evidence (pp. 83 and 85).

After several failures at identification I learnt, on October 10 through the kind offices of the Librarian of the London Library, that he had ascertained from the War Office that there was a 2nd Lieut. E. H. Mitchell now attached to the Royal Flying Corps. Accordingly, I wrote to the Record Office, Farnborough; and ultimately, on November 6, received a post card from Captain Mitchell, to whom I must apologize for the, I hope, quite harmless use of his name:—

Many thanks for your kind letter. I believe I have met your son, though where I forget. My wounds are quite healed, and I am posted to Home Establishment for a bit, with rank of

Captain. Your letter only got here (Dover) from France this morning, so please excuse delay in answering.

E. H. MITCHELL.

In concluding this chapter, I may quote a little bit of non-evidential but characteristic writing from 'Paul'. It was received on September 30, 1915, by Mrs. Kennedy, when alone, and her record runs thus :—

> 'I think it hardly possible for you to believe how quickly Raymond learns ; he seems to believe all that we have to fight to teach the others.
> 'Poor chaps, you see no one has told them before they come over, and it is so hard for them when they see us and they feel alive, and their people keep on sobbing.
> 'The business for you and me gets harder and harder as the days go on, mother ; it needs thousands at this work, and you are so small.'

CHAPTER X

ATTEMPTS AT STRICTER EVIDENCE

IN a Table Sitting it is manifest that the hypothesis of unconscious muscular guidance must be pressed to extremes, as a normal explanation, when the communications are within the knowledge of any of the people sitting at the table.

Many of the answers obtained were quite outside the knowledge of the medium or of Mrs. Kennedy, but many were inevitably known to us; and in so far as they were within our knowledge it might be supposed, even by ourselves, that we partially controlled the tilting, though of course we were careful to try not to do so. And besides, the things that came, or the form in which they came, were often quite unexpected, and could not consciously have been controlled by us. Moreover, when the sentence spelt out was a long one, we lost our way in it and could not tell whether it was sense or nonsense; for the words ran into each other. The note-taker, who puts each letter down as it is called out to him by the sitters at the table, has no difficulty in reading a message, although, with the words all run together, it hardly looks intelligible at first sight, even when written. For instance:—

BELESSWORRIEDALECPLEASEOLDCHAP,

which was one message, or:—

GATHEREDINMEDIUMANDTHATGOESINTOTABLEAN
DWEMANIPULATE,

which was part of another. Neither could be readily followed if called out slowly letter by letter, and not written down by those at the table.

Still, the family were naturally and properly sceptical about it all.

Accordingly, my sons devised certain questions in the nature of tests, referring to trivial matters which they thought would be within Raymond's recollection, but which had happened to them alone, during summer excursions or the like, and so were quite outside my knowledge. They gave me a few written questions, devised in conclave in their own room; and on October 12 I took them to London with me in a sealed envelope, which I opened in the train when going up for a sitting; and after the sitting had begun I took an early opportunity of putting the questions it contained. We had already had (on September 28, reported in last chapter) one incident of a kind unknown to us, in the name 'Norman', but they wanted more of the same or of a still more marked kind. I think it will be well to copy the actual contemporary record of this part of the sitting in full:—

Second Table Sitting of O. J. L. and M. F. A. L. with Mrs. Leonard, October 12, 1915, 5.30 *p.m.*

Present—O. J. L., M. F. A. L., K. K., WITH DR. KENNEDY AS RECORDER

At the beginning of the sitting O. J. L. explained that they were now engaged in trying to get distinct and crucial evidence; that preparations had been made accordingly; and that no doubt those on the other side approved, and would co-operate.

A pause of three and a half minutes then ensued, and the table gave a slow tilt.

O. J. L.—Is Paul there?

YES.

O. J. L.—Have you brought Raymond?

YES.

O. J. L.—Are you there, Raymond ?

YES.

O. J. L. (after M. F. A. L. had greeted him).—Well now, look here, my boy, I have got a few questions which your brothers think you will know something about, whereas to me they are quite meaningless. Their object is to make quite sure that we don't unconsciously help in getting the answers because we know them. In this case that is impossible, because nobody here knows the answers at all. Do you understand the object ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Very well then, shall I begin ?

NO.

O. J. L.—Oh ! You want to say something yourself first ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Very well then, the alphabet.

TELLTHEMINOWTRYTOPROVEIHAVEMESSAGESTOTHE WORLD.

O. J. L.—Is that the end of what you want to say yourself ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Well then, now I will give you one of the boys' questions, but I had better explain that you may not in every case understand the reference yourself. We can hardly expect you to answer all of them, and if you don't do one, I will pass on to another. But don't hurry, and we will take down whatever you choose to say on each of them. The first question is :—

O. J. L.—' Do you remember anything about the Argonauts ? '

(Silence for a short time.)

O. J. L.—' Argonauts ' is the word. Does it mean anything to you ? Take your time.

YES.

O. J. L.—Well, would you like to say what you remember ?

YES.

Then, by repeating the alphabet, was spelt :—

TELEGRAM.

O. J. L.—Is that the end of that answer ?

YES.

O. J. L.—Well, now I will go on to the second question then.

'What do you recollect about Dartmoor?'

The time for thought was now much briefer, and the table began to spell pretty soon:—

COMING DOWN.

O. J. L.—Is that all?

No.

O. J. L.—Very well then, continue.

HILL FERRY.

O. J. L—Is that the end of the answer?

YES.

O. J. L.—Very well then, now I will go on to the third question, which appears to be a bit complicated. 'What do the following suggest to you:—

Evinrude
O. B. P.
Kaiser's sister.'

(No good answers were obtained to these questions: they seemed to awaken no reminiscence.

Asked the name of the man to whom Raymond had given his dog, the table spelt out STALLARD quite correctly. But this was within our knowledge.)

(*End of extract from record.*)

NOTE ON THE REMINISCENCES AWAKENED BY THE WORDS 'ARGONAUTS' AND 'DARTMOOR'

On reporting to Raymond's brothers the answers given about 'Argonauts' and 'Dartmoor' they were not at all satisfied.

I found, however, from the rest of the family that the word TELEGRAM had a meaning in connexion with 'Argonauts'—a meaning quite unknown to me or to my wife—but it was not the meaning that his brothers had expected. It seems that in a previous year, while his mother and I were away from home, the boys travelled by motor to somewhere in Devonshire, and (as they think) at Taunton Raymond had gone into a post office, sent a telegram home to say that they were all right, and had signed it 'Argonauts'. The girls at

home remembered the telegram quite well; the other boys did not specially remember it.

The kind of reference they had wanted, Raymond gave ultimately, though meagrely, but only after so much time had elapsed that the test had lost its value, and only after I had been told to switch him on to 'Tent Lodge, Coniston', as a clue.

Now that I know the answer I do not think the question was a particularly good one; and the word 'telegram', which they had not expected and did not want, seems to me quite as good an incident as the one which, without a clue, they had expected him to recall in connexion with 'Argonauts'. Besides, I happened myself to know about an Iceland trip in Mr. Alfred Holt's yacht *Argo* and its poetic description by Mr. Mitchell Banks and Dr. Caton in a book in the drawing-room at Tent Lodge, Coniston (though the boys were not aware of my knowledge), but it never struck me that this was the thing wanted; and if it had come, the test would have been of inferior quality. (See also page 158.)

Concerning the answer to 'Dartmoor', his brothers said that COMING DOWN HILL was correct but incomplete; and that they didn't remember any FERRY. I therefore on another occasion, namely, on October 22, during a sitting with Feda (that is to say, not a table sitting, but one in which Mrs. Leonard's control Feda was speaking and reporting messages), said—still knowing nothing about the matter beyond what I had obtained in the table sitting—'Raymond, do you remember about "Dartmoor" and the hill?'

The answer is recorded as follows, together with the explanatory note added soon afterwards—though the record is no doubt a little abbreviated, as there was some dramatic representation by Feda of sudden swerves and holding on:—

From Sitting of O. J. L. and M. F. A. L. on October 22, 1915. 'Feda' speaking in replies,

O. J. L.—Raymond, do you remember about Dartmoor and the hill?

Yes, he said something about that. He says it was exciting. What is that he says? Brake—something about a brake—putting the brake on. Then he says, sudden curve—a curve—he gives Feda a jerk like going round a quick curve.

[I thought at the time that this was only padding, but subsequently learnt from Alec that it was right. It was on a very long night-journey on their motor, when the silencer had broken down by bursting at the bottom of an exceptionally steep hill, and there was an unnerving noise. The one who was driving went down other steep hills at a great pace, with sudden applications of the brake and sudden quick curves, so that those at the back felt it dangerous, and ultimately had to stop him and insist on going slower. Raymond was in front with the one who was driving. The sensations of those at the back of the car were strongly connected with the brake and with curves; but they had mainly expected a reference from Raymond to the noise from the broken silencer, which they ultimately repaired during the same night with tools obtained at the first town they stopped at.]

O. J. L.—Did he say anything about a ferry?

No, he doesn't remember that he did.

O. J. L.—Well, I got it down.

There is one: all the same there is one. But he didn't mean to say anything about it. He says it was a stray thought that he didn't mean to give through the table. He has found one or two things come in like that. It was only a stray thought. You have got what you wanted, he says. 'Hill', he meant to give, but not 'ferry'. They have nothing to do with each other.

On a later occasion I took an opportunity of catechizing him further about this word FERRY, since none of the family remembered a ferry, or could attach any significance to the

word. He still insisted that his mention of a ferry in connexion with a motor trip was not wrong, only he admitted that ' some people wouldn't call it a ferry '. I waited to see if any further light would come ; and now, long afterwards, on August 18, 1916, I receive from Alec a note referring to a recent trip, this month, which says :—

> ' By the way, on the run to Langland Bay (which is the motor run we all did the year before the run to Newquay) we pass through Briton Ferry ; and there is precious little ferry about it.'

So even this semi-accidental reminiscence seems to be turning out not altogether unmeaning ; though probably it ought not to have come in answer to ' Dartmoor '.

Later, at a sitting with Alec, who again mentioned Dartmoor, Raymond responded ' Something burst ' ; which is perfectly right. It was the atrocious noise subsequent to the bursting of the silencer in a night-journey that the boys had expected him to remember.

General Remarks on this Type of Question

It will be realized, I think, that a single word, apart from the context, thus thrown at a person who may be in a totally different mood at the time, is exceedingly difficult ; and on the whole I think he must be credited with some success, though not with as much as had been hoped for. If his brothers had been present, or had had any interview with him in the meantime, it would have spoilt the test, considered strictly ; nevertheless, it might have made the obtaining of the answers they wanted much more feasible, inasmuch as in their presence he would have been in their atmosphere and be more likely to remember their sort of surroundings. Up to this date they had not had any sitting with a medium at all. In presence of his mother and myself, and under all the circumstances, and what he felt to be the gravity of some of his recent experiences, it is not to me surprising that the answers were only partially satisfactory ; though, indeed,

to me they seem rather good. Anyhow, they had the effect of stimulating his brothers to arrange some sittings with a table at home on their own account.

On October 13, through the kind arrangement of Mrs. Kennedy, we had an anonymous sitting with a medium new to us, a Mrs. Brittain, of Hanley, Staffordshire, in Mrs. Kennedy's house.

It was not very successful—the medium seemed tired and worried by the imminence of a law-suit—but there were a few evidential points obtained, though little or nothing about the boy; in the waking stage, however, she said that some one was calling the name 'Raymond'.

At an interview next day with Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Brittain said that a boy named 'Pat' had come with Paul to see her on the evening after the sitting (see p. 87 for the significance of 'Pat'); and she described it in writing to Mrs. Kennedy thus :—

October 14, 1915

I was just resting, thinking over the events of the day, and worrying just a little about my ordeal of next Monday, when I became conscious of the presence of such a dear soldier boy. He said, "I am Pat, and oh, I did want to speak to my mother." Then I saw with him your dear boy [Paul]; he asked me to tell you about Pat, and to give the message to his father that he would get proof without seeking it.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST SITTING OF ALEC (A. M. L.)

Introduction by O. J. L.

A WORD may be necessary about the attitude of Raymond's family to the whole subject. It may be thought that my own known interest in the subject was naturally shared by the family, but that is not so. So far as I can judge, it had rather the opposite effect; and not until they had received unmistakable proof, devised largely by themselves, was this, healthy scepticism ultimately broken down.

My wife had had experience with Mrs. Piper in 1889, though she continued very sceptical till 1906 or thereabouts, when she had some extraordinarily good evidence. But none of this experience was shared by the family, who read neither my nor anyone else's books on the subject, and had no first-hand evidence. For the most part they regarded it without interest and with practical scepticism. If in saying this I convey the impression of anything like friction or disappointment, the impression is totally false. Life was full of interest of many kinds, and, until Raymond's death, there was no need for them to think twice about survival or the possibility of communication.

The first sitting held by any of his brothers, apart from private amateur attempts at home—the first sitting, I may say, held by any of them with any medium—took place on October 23, when Alec had a sitting with Peters ; his mother also was present, but no names were given. From Alec's record of this sitting, together with his preliminary Note, I propose to quote.

A. M. L.'s Remarks on the Sitting

Mother and I arrived at Mrs. Kennedy's house at five minutes to eleven. We saw Mrs. Kennedy, who asked us

if we would like her to be present. We said, Yes. Then she told us that Peters had come, and that she would ask him in. Peters wanted her to be present.

Mrs. Kennedy brought Peters up ; he shook hands, without any introduction. We had all gone up to Mrs. Kennedy's private room, where Peters likes the sittings to take place.

The sitting was rather disjointed, and most of it apparently not of much importance, but for a few minutes in the middle it was very impressive. It then felt to me exactly as if my hand was being held in both Raymond's, and as if Raymond himself was speaking in his own voice. My right hand was being held, but even if I had had it free I could not possibly have taken notes under the circumstances.

(M. F. A. L. adds that neither could she nor anyone, while that part of the sitting was going on.)

From Report of anonymous Peters Sitting in Mrs. Kennedy's Room, at 11 *a.m. on Saturday, October* 23, 1915

Present—Mrs. Kennedy (K.K.), Lady Lodge (M.F.A.L.), Alec M. Lodge, and the Medium—Vout Peters.

After some preliminary talk and appropriate messages from relatives, through Peters in trance supposed to be controlled by 'Moonstone', there was an interval, and evident change of control to Raymond. And speech became very indistinct at first.

> I want to come.
> Call Mother to help me.
> Because you know.
> You understand.
> It wasn't so bad.
> Not so bad.
> I knew you knew the possibility of communicating, so when I went out as I did, I was in a better condition than others on the other side.
> We had often talked about this subject, father understanding it as he did ; and now, coming into touch with his strength, makes it easy.

(Medium here reached out across the table to A. and grasped his right hand, so that the notes were temporarily interrupted. The medium's arms were now both stretched out across the table, with his head down on them, and he held A.'s hand in both his. All this time he spoke with great emotion: the medium was shaken with sobs; his head and neck were suffused with blood; the whole circumstances were strained, and strongly emotional; and the voice was extraordinarily like Raymond's. A., too, felt that his hands were being gripped in a grasp just like Raymond's. This was the central part of the sitting; and for the time no notes could be taken, even by Mrs. Kennedy. But after a bit the hand was released, the strain rather lightened, and notes continue which run thus:—)

[A. M. L. says, 'In time the interval was brief', but it was surcharged with emotion, strongly felt by all present.]

But no, wait.
Because they tell me.
I am not ashamed.
I am glad.
I tell you, I would do it again.
I realize things differently to what one saw here.
And oh, thank God, I can speak!
But . . .
The boys help me.
You don't know what he has done.
Who could help?
But I must keep quiet, I promised them to keep calm.
The time is so short.
Tell father that I am happy.
That I am happy that he has not come.
If he had come here, I couldn't have spoken.
I find it difficult to express what I want.
Every time I come back it is easier.

The only thing that was hard was just before.
The 15th, do you understand ?
And the 12th.
[We do not clearly understand these dates.]
But every time I come it is better.
Grandmama helped or I couldn't.
Now I must go.
. . . broken . . .
But I have done it, thank God !
(Then this special control ended ; and the strain was relieved by a new control, understood to be ' Biddy '.)
Surely it 's meself that has come to speak.
Here's another mother. I am helping the boy.
I said to him to come out, etc.
(Then an interval ; and another control—probably ' Moonstone ' again, or else Peters himself clairvoyantly :—)
We succeeded a little in our experiment.
Now the boy is with . . .
(Here the medium seized *both* Alec's hands, and K. K. continues the notes.)
[But they may be abbreviated here, as they represent only Peter's ordinary clairvoyance—probably.]

You bring with you a tremendous force. You don't always say what you think. A quick way of making up your mind. Your intuitional force is very strong. Your mind is very evenly balanced, [and so on] . . . The last three months, things have altered. It has stirred you to the depths of your innermost being. You had no idea how strong the bond was between you and one who has been here to-day. Want to shield and take care of your mother. You know her devotion to both you and the one gone over. . . .

The one gone over is a brother. He wants to send a message.

(Some messages omitted.)

You did not cry, but heart crying inside.
Help others. You are doing it. If you ever tried

to do what he did, you would physically break down. All this is from him.

(To Mother) So glad about the photographs. Something you have had done that is satisfactory.

[This is good, but it only occurred to me to-day, October 31. It evidently relates to two photographs in a pocket case, found on his body, which Raymond carried with him, and which had been returned to the original by us.—A. M. L.]

Wants to convey message to father, but it is not about himself this time. I get the initials F W M—not clear about all the letters—but F M wishes to be remembered. He says: I am still very active. Get into touch with Crookes *re* the Wireless.

[O. J. L. happened to be at Muirhead's works in Kent on this subject, at this moment.—A. M. L.]

(Medium came-to, breathing and struggling. Said he had been under *very* deep—like coming-to after an anæsthetic.)

NOTE BY O. J. L.

Lady Lodge impressed me considerably with the genuine and deeply affecting character of the above episode of personal control. It was evidently difficult to get over for the rest of the day. I doubt if the bare record conveys much: though it may to people of like experience.

CHAPTER XII

FIRST SITTING OF LIONEL (ANONYMOUS)

AT length, on November 17, 1915, Raymond's brother Lionel (L. L.) went to London to see if he could get an anonymous sitting with Mrs. Leonard, without the intervention of Mrs. Kennedy or anybody. He was aware that by that time the medium must have sat with dozens of strangers and people not in any way connected with our family, and fortunately he succeeded in getting admitted as a complete stranger. This therefore is worth reporting, and the contemporary record follows. A few portions are omitted, partly for brevity, partly because private, but some non-evidential and what may seem rather absurd statements are reproduced, for what they are worth. It must be understood that Feda is speaking throughout, and that she is sometimes reporting in the third person, sometimes in the first, and sometimes speaking for herself. It is unlikely that lucidity is constant all the time, and Feda may have to do some padding. She is quite good and fairly careful, but of course, like all controls, she is responsible for certain mannerisms, and for childishly modified names like 'Paulie', etc. The dramatic circumstances of a sitting will be familiar to people of experience. The record tries to reproduce them—probably with but poor success. And it is always possible that the attempt, however conscientious, may furnish opportunity for ridicule, if any hostile critic thinks ridicule appropriate.

L. L.'s Sitting with Mrs. Leonard at her house, as a stranger, no one else being present, 12 *o'clock, Wednesday, November* 17, 1915

Introduction by O. J. L.

Lionel wrote to Mrs. Leonard at her old address in Warwick Avenue, for I had forgotten that she had moved, and I had not told him her new address. He wrote on plain paper from Westminster without signing it, saying that he would be coming at a certain time. But she did not get the letter; so that, when he arrived about noon on Wednesday, November 17, he arrived as a complete stranger without an appointment. He had at first gone to the wrong house and been redirected. Mrs. Leonard answered the door. She took him in at once when he said he wanted a sitting. She drew the blind down, and lit a red lamp as usual. She told him that she was controlled by 'Feda'. Very quickly—in about two minutes—the trance began, and Feda spoke.

Here follows his record :—

Report by L. L.

Subsequent annotations, in square brackets, are by O. J. L.

Good morning!

Why, you are psychic yourself!

L. L.—I didn't know I was.

It will come out later.

There are two spirits standing by you; the elder is fully built up, but the younger is not clear yet.

The elder is on the tall side, and well built; he has a beard round his chin, but no moustache.

(This seemed to worry Feda, and she repeated it several times, as if trying to make it clear.)

A beard round chin, and hair at the sides, but upper lip shaved. A good forehead, eyebrows heavy and rather straight—not arched—eyes greyish; hair thin on top, and grey at the sides and back. It looks as if it had been brown before it went grey. A fine-looking face. He is building up something. He suffered here before he passed out (medium indicating chest or stomach). Letter W is held up. (See photograph facing p. 152.)

[This is the one that to other members of the family had been called Grandfather W., pp. 83, 121.]

There is another spirit.

Somebody is laughing.

Don't joke—it is serious.

(This was whispered, and sounded as if said to some one else, not to me.)

It's a young man, about twenty-three, or might be twenty-five, judging only by appearance. Tall; well built; not stout, well built; brown hair, short at the sides and back; clean shaven; face more oval than round; nose not quite straight, rather rounded, and broader at the nostrils.

(*Whispering.*) Feda can't see his face.

(*Then clearly.*) He won't let Feda see his face; he is laughing.

(*Whispered several times.*) L, L, L.

(*Then said out aloud.*) This is not his name; he puts it by you.

(*Whispering again.*) Feda knows him—Raymond.

Oh, it's Raymond!

(The medium here jumps about, and fidgets with her hands, just as a child would when pleased.)

That is why he would not show his face, because Feda would know him.

He is patting you on the shoulder hard. You can't feel it, but he thinks he is hitting you hard.

[It seems to have been a trick of his to pat a brother on the shoulder gradually harder and harder till humorous retaliation set in.]

He is very bright.

This is the way it is given—it's an impression.

He has been trying to come to you at home, but there has been some horrible mix-ups; not really horrible, but a muddle. He really got through to you, but other conditions get through there, and mixes him up.

[This evidently refers to some private 'Mariemont' sittings, without a medium, with which neither Feda nor Mrs. Leonard had had anything to do.

It therefore shows specific knowledge and is of the nature of a mild cross-correspondence; cf. p. 128.]

L. L.—How can we improve it?

He does not understand it sufficiently himself yet. Other spirits get in, not bad spirits, but ones that like to feel they are helping. The peculiar manifestations are not him, and it only confuses him terribly. Part of it was him, but when the table was careering about, it was not him at all. He started it, but something comes along stronger than himself, and he loses the control.

(*Whispered.*) Feda, can't you suggest something? [This seemed to be a reported part of conversation on the other side.]

Be very firm when it starts to move about.

Prayer helps when things are not relevant.

L. L.—Do you remember a sitting at home when you told me you had a lot to tell me?

Yes. What he principally wanted to say was about the place he is in. He could not *spell* it all out—too laborious. He felt rather upset at first. You do not feel so real as people do where he is, and walls appear transparent to him now. The great thing that made him reconciled to his new surroundings was—that things appear so solid and substantial. The first idea upon waking up was, he supposes, of what they call 'passing over'. It was only for a second or two, as you count time, [that it seemed a] shadowy vague place, everything vapoury and vague. He had that feeling about it.

The first person to meet him was Grandfather.

And others then, some of whom he had only heard about. They all appeared to be so solid, that he could scarcely believe that he had passed over.

I live in a house (he says)—a house built of bricks—and there are trees and flowers, and the ground is solid. And if you kneel down in the mud, apparently you get your clothes soiled. The thing I don't understand

yet is that the night doesn't follow the day here, as it did on the earth plane. It seems to get dark sometimes, when he would like it to be dark, but the time in between light and dark is not always the same. I don't know if you think all this is a bore.

(I was here thinking whether my pencils would last out; I had two, and was starting on the second one.)

What I am worrying round about is, how it's made, of what it is composed. I have not found out yet, but I've got a theory. It is not an original idea of my own; I was helped to it by words let drop here and there.

People who think everything is created by thought are wrong. I thought that for a little time, that one's thoughts formed the buildings and the flowers and trees and solid ground; but there is more than that.

He says something of this sort:—

[This means that Feda is going to report in the third person again, or else to speak for herself.—O. J. L.]

There is something always rising from the earth plane—something chemical in form. As it rises to ours, it goes through various changes and solidifies on our plane. Of course he is only speaking of where he is now.

He feels sure that it is something given off from the earth, that makes the solid trees and flowers, etc.

He does not know any more. He is making a study of this, but it takes a good long time.

L. L.—I should like to know whether he can get into touch with anybody on earth?

Not always. Only those wishing to see him, and who it would be right for him to see. Then he sees them before he has thought. He does not wish to see anybody unless they are going to be brought to him. He says,

I am told that I can meet anyone at any time that I want to; there is no difficulty in the way of it.

That is what makes it such a jolly fine place to live in.

L. L.—Can he help people here ?

That is part of his work, but there are others doing that ; the greatest amount of his work is still at the war. He says,

I've been home—only likely I've been home—but my actual work is at the war.

I have something to do with father, though my work still lies at the war, helping on poor chaps literally shot into the spirit world.

L. L.—Can you see ahead at all ?

I think sometimes that I can, but it's not easy to predict. I don't think that I really know any more than when on earth.

L. L.—Can you tell anything about how the war is going on ?

There are better prospects for the war. On all sides now more satisfactory than it has been before.

This is not apparent on the earth plane, but I feel more . . . the surface, and more satisfied than before.

I can't help feeling intensely interested. I believe we have lost Greece, and am not sure that it was not due to our own fault. We have only done now what should have been done months ago.

I do not agree about Serbia. Having left them so long has had a bad effect upon Roumania. Roumania thinks will she be in the same boat if she joins in.

All agree that Russia will do well right through the winter. They are going to show what they can do. They are used to their ground and winter conditions, and Germany is not. There will be steady progress right through the winter.

I think there is something looming now.

Some of the piffling things I used to be interested in, I have forgotten all about. There is such a lot to be interested in here. I realize the seriousness sometimes of this war. . . . It is like watching a most interesting race or game gradually developing before you.

I am doing work in it, which is not so interesting as watching.

L. L.—Have you any message for home ?

Of course love to mother, and to all, especially to mother. H. is doing very well. [Meaning his sister Honor.]

L. L.—In what way ?

H. is helping in a psychic way ; she makes it easy for me. We must separate out the good from the bad, and not try more than one form ; not the jig—jig——

L. L.—I know ; jigger. [A kind of Ouija.]

No. I don't like the jigger. I think I can work the table. [See Chapter XV.]

L. L.—Would you tell me how I could help in any way ?

Just go very easily, only let one person speak, as he has said before. It can be H. or L. L. Settle on one person to put the questions, the different sound of voices confuses me and I mix it up with questions from another's thoughts. In time I hope it will be not so difficult. I wouldn't give it up, I love it. Don't try more than twice a week, perhaps only once a week. Try to keep the same times always, and to the same day if possible.

I am going.

Give my love to them all. Tell them I am very happy. Very well, and plenty to do, and intensely interested. I did suffer from shock at first, but I'm extremely happy now. I'm off.

(Feda) He won't say good-bye.

A lady comes too : A girl, about medium height ; on the slender side, not thin, but slender ; face, oval shape ; blue eyes ; lightish brown hair, not golden.

L. L.—Can she give a name—I cannot guess who she is from the description ?

She builds up an L.

Not like the description when she was on earth. Very little earth life. She is related to you. She has grown up in the spirit life.

Oh, she is your sister!

She is fair; not so tall as you; a nice face; blue eyes.

L. L.—I know her name now. [At a previous sitting this deceased sister is described.[1]]

Give her love to them at home, but also principally to mother. And say that she and her brother, not Raymond, have been also to the sittings at home.

She brings lilies with her; she is singing—it's like humming; Feda can't hear the words.

She is going too—power is going.

L. L.—Give my love to her.

Feda sends her love also.

Raymond was having a joke by not showing his face to Feda. (p. 104).

Good-bye.

(*Sitting ended at* 1.30 *p.m.*)

And remembering that Lionel went as a man out of the street, and gave nothing away, the experience was surely both good and evidential.

[1] He is bringing a girl with him now—a young girl, growing up in the spirit world. She belongs to Raymond: long golden hair, pretty tall, slight, brings a lily in her hand. There is another spirit too who passed out very young—a boy; you wouldn't know him as he is now; he looks about the same age as Raymond, but very spiritual in appearance; he brings a W with him; he doesn't know much of the earth plane, nor the lily either; he passed over too young. They are both with Raymond now. They look spiritual and young. Spirit people look young if they passed on young. Raymond is in the middle between them. He says this is not very scientific. [All this is appropriate to a deceased brother and sister; the brother older, the sister younger, than Raymond.] (See also p. 122.)

Raymond really is happy now. He doesn't say this to make you feel satisfied. He is really happy now. He says this is most interesting, and is going to be fifty times more interesting than on the earth plane. There is such a big field to work in. Father and he are going to do such a lot together. He says, 'I am going to help for all I am worth.' (To M. F. A. L.) If you are happy, I will be happier too. You used to sigh; it had an awful effect on him, but he is getting lighter with you. Father has been wonderful.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME NON-EVIDENTIAL TALK

AT a sitting which I had with Mrs. Leonard on December 3, 1915, information was given about the photograph—as already reported, Chapter VIII. In all these ' Feda ' sittings, the remarks styled *sotto voce* represent conversation between Feda and the communicator, not addressed to the sitter at all. I always try to record these scraps when I can overhear them ; for they are often interesting, and sometimes better than what is subsequently reported as the result of the brief conversation. For she appears to be uttering under her breath not only her own question or comment, but also what she is being told ; and sometimes names are in that way mentioned correctly, when afterwards she muddles them. For instance, on one occasion she said *sotto voce*, ' What you say ? Rowland ? ' (in a clear whisper) ; and then, aloud, ' He says something like Ronald '. Whereas in this case ' Rowland ' proved to be correct. The dramatically childlike character of Feda seems to carry with it a certain amount of childish irresponsibility. Raymond says that he ' has to talk to her seriously about it sometimes.' [In later years Feda has progressed and improved in several ways.]

A few other portions, not about the photograph, are included in the record of this sitting, some of a very non-evidential and perhaps ridiculous kind, but I do not feel inclined to suppress them. (For reasons, see near the end of this Chapter under head 5 ; and for further comments see also Chapter XX.) Some of the things said are rather amusing. It is not easy to decide how much to report

about unverifiable matter, such as statements about life on the other side. I should think, myself, that they are of very varying degrees of value, and peculiarly liable to unintentional sophistication by the medium. They cannot be really satisfactory, as we have no means of bringing them to book. The difficulty is that Feda encounters many sitters, and though the majority are just inquirers, taking what comes and saying very little, one or two may be themselves full of theories, and may either intentionally or unconsciously convey them to the ' control ' ; who may thereafter retail them as actual information, without perhaps being sure whence they were derived. Some books, moreover, have been published of late, purporting to give information about ill-understood things in a positive and assured manner, and it is possible that the medium has read these and may be influenced by them. It will be regrettable if these books are taken as authoritative by people unable to judge of the scientific errors which are conspicuous in their more normal portions ; and the books themselves seem likely to retard the development of the subject in the minds of critical persons.

The following are Extracts from a Sitting with Mrs. Leonard at her house on Friday, December 3, 1915, *from* 6.10 *p.m. to* 8.20 *p.m.*

(O. J. L. alone ; with Feda speaking, as usual, and supposed to be reporting for Raymond.)

Oh, it is interesting, he says—much more than on the old earth plane. I didn't want to leave you and mother and all of them, but it *is* interesting. I wish you could come over for one day, and be with me here. There are times you do go there, but you won't remember. They have all been over with him at night-time, and so have you, but he thought it very hard you couldn't remember. If you did, he is told (he doesn't know it himself, but he is told this), the brain would

scarcely bear the burden of the double existence, and would be unfitted for its daily duties ; so the memory is shut out. That is the explanation given to him.

He says, my body's very similar to the one I had before. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it's real, and it is, but it doesn't seem to hurt as much as when I pinched the flesh body. The internal organs don't seem constituted on the same lines as before. They can't be quite the same. But to all appearances, and outwardly, they are the same as before. I can move somewhat more freely, he says.

Oh, there's one thing, he says, I have never seen anybody bleed.

I knew a man that had lost his arm, but he has got another one. Yes, he has got two arms now. He seemed as if without a limb when first he entered the astral, seemed incomplete, but after a while it got more and more complete, until he got a new one. I am talking of people who have lost a limb for some years.

O. J. L.—What about a limb lost in battle ?

Oh, if they have only just lost it, it makes no difference, it doesn't matter ; they are quite all right when they get here. But I am told—he doesn't know this himself, but he has been told—that when anybody's blown to pieces, it takes some time for the spirit-body to complete itself, to gather itself all in, and to be complete. It dissipated a certain amount of substance which is undoubtedly theric, theric—etheric, and it has to be concentrated again. The *spirit* isn't blown apart, of course,—he doesn't mean that,—but it has an effect upon it. He hasn't seen all this, but he has been inquiring because he is interested.

(Feda continues :—) There are men here, and there are women here. I don't think that they stand to each other quite the same as they did on the earth plane, but they seem to have the same feeling to each other, with a different ex-

pression of it. There don't seem to be any children born here. People are sent into the physical body to have children on the earth plane; they don't have them here. But there's a feeling of love between men and women here which is of a different quality to that between two men or two women; and husband and wife seem to meet differently from mother and son, or father and daughter. He says he doesn't want to eat now. But he sees some who do; he says they have to be given something which has all the appearance of an earth food. People here try to provide everything that is wanted. A chap came over the other day, who *would* have a cigar. 'That's finished them,' he thought. He means he thought they would never be able to provide that. But there are laboratories over here, and they manufacture all sorts of things in them. Not like you do, out of solid matter, but out of essences, and ethers, and gases. It's not the same as on the earth plane, but they were able to manufacture what looked like a cigar. He didn't try one himself, because he didn't care to; you know he wouldn't want to. But the other chap jumped at it. But when he began to smoke it, he didn't think so much of it; he had four altogether, and now he doesn't look at one.[1] They don't seem to get the same satisfaction out of it, so gradually it seems to drop from them. But when they first come they do want things. Some want meat, and some strong drink; they call for whisky sodas. Don't think I'm stretching it, when I tell you that they can manufacture even that. But when they have had one or two, they don't seem to want it so much—not those that are near here. He has heard of drunkards who want it for months and years over here, but he hasn't seen any. Those I have seen, he says, don't want it any more—like himself with his suit, he could dispense with it under the new conditions.

[1] Some of this Feda talk is at least humorous. (See also pp. 117 and 192.)

He wants people to realize that it's just as natural as on the earth plane.

O. J. L.—Raymond, you know you want to give me some proofs. What kind of proofs do you think are best? Have you talked it over with Mr. Myers, and have you decided on the kind of proof that will be most evidential?

I don't know yet. I feel divided between two ways: One is to give you objective proof, such as simple materializations and direct voice, which you can set down and have attested. Or else I should have to give you information about my different experiences here, either something like what I am doing now, or through the table, or some other way. But I don't know whether I will be able to do the two things together.

O. J. L.—No, not likely, not at the same time. But you can take opportunities of saying more about your life there.

Yes, that's why I have been collecting information. I do so want to encourage people to look forward to a life they will certainly have to enter upon, and realize that it is a rational life. All this that I have been giving you now, and that I gave to Lionel, you must sort out, and put in order, because I can only give it scrappily. I want to study things here a lot. Would you think it selfish if I say I wouldn't like to be back now?—I wouldn't give this up for anything. Don't think it selfish, or that I want to be away from you all. I have still got you, because I feel you so close, closer even. I wouldn't come back, I wouldn't for anything that anyone could give me.

He hardly liked to put it that way to his mother.

Is Alec here? (Feda looking round.)

O. J. L.—No, but I hope he will be coming.

Tell him not to say who he is. I did enjoy myself that first time that Lionel came—I could talk for hours. (p. 102.)

(O. J. L. had here looked at his watch quietly.)

I could talk for hours ; don't go yet.

He says he thinks he was lucky when he passed on, because he had so many to meet him. That came, he knows now, through your having been in with this thing for so long. He wants to impress this on those that you will be writing for : that it makes it so much easier for them if they and their friends know about it beforehand. It's awful when they have passed over and won't believe it for weeks,—they just think they're dreaming. And they won't realize things at all sometimes. He doesn't mind telling you now that, just at first, when he woke up, he felt a little depression. But it didn't last long. He cast his eyes round, and soon he didn't mind. But it was like finding yourself in a strange place, like a strange city ; with people you hadn't seen, or not seen for a long time, round you. Grandfather was with me straight away. And there's some one called Jane comes to him, who calls herself an aunt, he says. Jane. He's uncertain about her. Jane—Jennie. She calls herself an aunt ; he is told to call her ' Aunt Jennie '. Is she my Aunt Jennie ? he says.

O. J. L.—No, but your mother used to call her that.

[And so on, simple talk about family and friends.]

(Then Feda intervenes :—) He has brought that doggie again, nice doggie. A doggie that goes like this, and twists about (Feda indicating a wriggle). He has got a nice tail, not a little stumpy tail, nice tail with nice hair on it. He sits up like that sometimes, and comes down again, and puts his tongue out of his mouth. He's got a cat too, plenty of animals, he says. He hasn't seen any lions and tigers, but he sees horses, cats, dogs, and birds. He says you know this doggie ; he has nice hair, a little wavy, which sticks up all over him, and has twists at the end. Now he's jumping round. He hasn't got a very pointed face, but it isn't like a little pug-dog either ; it's rather a long shape. And he has nice ears what flaps, not standing up ; nice long hairs on them too. A darkish colour

he looks, darkish, as near as Feda can see him. [See photograph, p. 118.]

O. J. L.—Does he call him by any name ?

He says, ' Not him.' *Sotto voce.*—What you mean ' not him ' ? It is a ' him ' ; you don't call him ' it '.

No, he won't explain. No, he didn't give it a name. It can jump.

[All this about a she-dog called Curly, whose death had been specially mentioned by ' Myers ' through another medium some years ago,—an incident reported privately to the S. P. R. at the time,—is quite good as far as it goes.] (See also p. 158).

It's surprising how many people come up to me, he says, and shake me by the hand, and speak to me. I don't know them from Adam. But they are doing me honour here, and some of them are such fine men. I don't know them, but they all seem to be interested in you, and they say, ' Oh, are you his son ?—how-do-you-do ? '

Feda is losing control.

O. J. L.—Well, good-bye, Raymond, then, and God bless you.

God bless *you*. I do so want you to know that I am very happy. And bless them all. My love to you. I can't tell what I feel, but you can guess. It's difficult to put into words. My love to all. God bless you and everybody. Good-bye, father.

O. J. L.—Good-bye, Raymond. Good-bye, Feda.

(Feda here gave a jerk, and a ' good-bye '.)

Love to her what 'longs to you, and to Lionel. Feda knows what your name is, ' Soliver ', yes.

(*Sitting ended* 8.20 *p.m.*)

The conclusion of sittings is seldom of an evidential character, and by most people would not be recorded ; but occasionally it may be best to quote one completely, as above,

just as a specimen of what may be called the 'manner' of a sitting. Some of the things which seem specially absurd in this Chapter are dealt with in Chapter XX.

REMARKS ON CONVERSATIONAL REPORTS

It may be asked why I report so much of what may be called ordinary conversation, instead of abbreviating and concentrating on specific instances and definite statements of fact. I reply:—

1. That a concentrated version is hard to read, while a fuller version is really less tedious in spite of its greater length. A record is always a poor substitute for actual experience; and too much abbreviation might destroy whatever relic of human interest the records possess.

2. That abbreviation runs the risk of garbling and amending; it is undesirable in reports of this kind to amend style at the expense of accuracy.

3. That the mannerisms and eccentricities of a 'control' (or secondary personality) are interesting, and may be instructive; at any rate they exhibit to a novice the kind of thing to be expected.

4. A number of inquirers want to know—and I think properly want to know—what a sitting is like, what kind of subjects are talked about, what the 'communicators'—i.e. the hypothetical personalities who send messages through the 'control'—have to say about their own feelings and interests and state of existence generally. Hence, however the record be interpreted, it seems better to quote some specimens fully.

5. I am aware that some of the records may appear absurd. Especially absurd will appear the free-and-easy statements about the nature of things 'on the other side',—the kind of assertions which are not only unevidential but unverifiable, and which we usually either discourage or suppress. I have stated elsewhere my own reasons for occasionally encouraging statements of this kind and quoting them as they stand. And though I admit that to publish them is extremely indis-

creet, I still think that the evidence, such as it is, ought to be presented as a whole. In particular, I have thought it my duty to cite not only messages likely to contribute to a conviction of permanent existence in another order of being, but also conversations about the conditions and pursuits incidental to the early stages of that other order, in spite of a natural feeling of reticence about statements so strange and unlikely, the truth of which cannot by any ordinary means be tested. I explain in due time and place that we have not as yet the privilege of getting into touch with the complete personality of the departed; we see through a glass darkly, not face to face. But through a more or less turbid medium we do catch glimpses, we do become aware of a real surviving personality. And in order to display the evidence, both in its strength and its weakness, it seems fairest to give samples of every kind of thing that is said through a reputable channel; not withholding anything merely because it may affect the judgment of a critic adversely, and not endeavouring to supply adventitious aids in support of a strong case.

6. The most evidential class of utterance—information about things unknown to anyone present, and also what we call cross-correspondence—is not overlooked; and while every now and then such things occur naturally and spontaneously, sometimes an effort is made to obtain them.

General Note.

Returning to the kind of family records here given,—in which evidence is sporadic rather than systematic though none the less effective,—one of the minor points, which yet is of interest, is the appropriate way in which different youths greet their relatives. Thus, while Paul calls his father 'Daddy' and his mother by pet names, as he used to; and while Raymond calls us simply 'Father' and 'Mother', as he used to; another youth named Ralph—an athlete who had fallen after splendid service in the war—greeted his father, when at length that gentleman was induced to attend a sitting, with the extraordinary salutation 'Ullo 'Erb!' spelt out as one word through the table; though, to the astonishment

"CURLY" AND "VIX," CURLY BEING THE SHAGGY ONE. VIX WAS THE MOTHER OF RAYMOND'S DOG "LARRY"

RAYMOND IN HIS "NAGANT" MOTOR, 1913. OUTSIDE A FRIEND'S HOUSE IN SOMERSETSHIRE

of the medium, it was admitted to be consistent and evidential. The ease and freedom with which this Ralph managed to communicate are astonishing, and I am tempted to add as an appendix some records which his family have kindly allowed me to see, but I refrain, as they have nothing to do with Raymond.

CHAPTER XIV

FIRST SITTING OF ALEC WITH MRS. LEONARD

ON December 21, 1915, Alec had his first sitting with Mrs. Leonard; but he did not manage to go quite anonymously,—as Lionel had done,—the medium knew that he was my son. Again there is some unverifiable matter, which whether absurd or not I prefer not to suppress. (See Remarks above (p. 117), under head 5, and at beginning of Chap. XIII.)

Alec's (A. M. L.'s) Sitting with Mrs. Leonard at her House on Tuesday Afternoon, December 21, 1915, 3.15 to 4.30 p.m.

His report runs thus:—

(Medium knows I am Sir Oliver Lodge's son.)

Front room; curtains drawn; dark; small red lamp. No one else present.

Mrs. Leonard shook hands saying, 'Mr. Lodge?'

(Medium begins by rubbing her own hands vigorously).

Good morning! This is Feda.
Raymond's here. He would have liked A *and* B.
Feda, *sotto voce*.—What you mean, A and B?
Oh, he would have like to talk to A and B. [See Note A.] He says: 'I wish you could see me, I am so pleased; but you know I am pleased.'

He has been trying hard to get to you at home. He thinks he is getting closer, and better able to understand the conditions which govern this way of communicating. He thinks that in a little while he will be able to give actual tests at home. He knows he has got through, but not satisfactorily. He gets so far, and then flounders.

Feda, *sotto voce*.—That's what fishes do!

He says he is feeling splendid. He did not think it was possible to feel so well.

He was waiting here; he knew you were coming, but thought you might not be able to come to-day. [Train half an hour late.]

Did you take notice of what he said about the place he is in?

A. M. L.—Yes. But I find it very difficult to understand.

He says, it is such a solid place, I have not got over it yet. It is so wonderfully real.

He spoke about a river to his father; he has not seen the sea yet. He has found water, but doesn't know whether he will find a sea. He is making new discoveries every day. So *much* is new, although of course not to people who have been here some time.

He went into the library with his grandfather—Grandfather William—and also somebody called Richard, and he says the books there seem to be the same as you read.

Now this is extraordinary: There are books there not yet published on the earth plane. He is told—only told, he does not know if it is correct—that those books will be produced, books like those that are there now; that the matter in them will be impressed on the brain of some man, he supposes an author.

He says that not everybody on his plane is allowed to read those books; they might hurt them—that is, the books not published yet. Father is going to write one—not the one on now, but a fresh one.

It is very difficult to get things through. He wants

to keep saying how pleased he is to come. There are hundreds of things he will think of after he is gone.

He has brought Lily, and William—the young one——

Feda, *sotto voce*.—I don't know whether it is right, but he appears to have two brothers.

[Two brothers as well as a sister died in extreme infancy. He would hardly have known that, normally.—O. J. L.] (Cf. also p. 109.)

A. M. L.—Tell Raymond I am quite sure he gets things through occasionally, but that I think often the meaning comes through altered, and very often appears to be affected by the sitter. It appears to me that people usually get what they expect.

Raymond says, 'I only wish they did!' But in a way you are right. He is never able to give all he wishes. Sometimes only a word, which often must appear quite disconnected. Often the word does not come from his mind; he has no trace of it. Raymond says, for this reason it is a good thing to try, more, to come and give something definite at home. When you sit at the table, he feels sure that what he wants to say is influenced by some one at the table. Some one is helping him, some one at the table is guessing at the words. He often starts a word, but somebody finishes it.

He asked father to let you come and not say who you were; he says it would have been a bit of fun.

A. M. L.—Ask Raymond if he can remember any characteristic things we used to talk about among ourselves?

Yes. He says you used to talk about cars.

(Feda, *sotto voce*.)—"What you mean? Everybody talks about cars!" (*Then she continued, aloud*)—

And singing. He used to fancy he could sing. He didn't sing hymns. On Thursday nights he has to sing hymns, but they are not in his line.

A. M. L.—What used he to sing?

Hello—Hullalo—sounds like Hullulu—Hullulo. An attempt to make it clearer. Something about 'Hottentot'; but he is going back a long way, he thinks. [See note in Appendix about this statement.]

(Feda, *sotto voce.*)—An orange lady? (*Then louder*)—He says something about an orange lady.

(*Sotto voce.*)—Not what sold oranges? (*Aloud*)—No, of course not. He says a song extolling the virtues and beauties of an orange lady.

[*Note.*—This evidently means a song: *My Orange Girl*, and is excellent. It was the last song he bought.—A. M. L.]

And a funny song which starts 'Ma', but Feda can't see any more—like somebody's name. Also something about 'Irish eyes'. [See Note B.]

Feda, *sotto voce.*—Are they really songs?

Very much so.

(A number of unimportant incidents were now mentioned.)

He says it is somebody's birthday in January.

A. M. L.—It *is*.

Feda, *sotto voce.*—What's a beano? Whose birthday?

He won't say whose birthday. He says, *He* knows (meaning A).

[*Note.*—Raymond's own birthday, Jan. 25, was understood.]

(More family talk.)

Yes, he says he is going now. He says the power is getting thin.

A. M. L.—Wish him good luck from me, Feda.

Love to all of them.

My love to you, old chap.

Just before I go: Don't ever any of you regret my going. I believe I have got more to do than I could have ever done on the earth plane. It is only a case of waiting, and just meeting every one of you as you come across to him. He is going now. He says Willie too—young Willie. [His deceased brother.]

Feda, *sotto voce*.—Yes, what? Proclivities?

Oh, he is only joking.

He says: Not Willie of the weary proplic—propensities—that's it.

He is joking. Just as many jokes here as ever before.

Good-bye and good luck.

[*Note*.—This phrase is characteristic; see, for instance, a letter of his on page 20 above.]

He is gone now, yes.

Do you want to say anything to Feda?

A. M. L.—Yes, thank you very much for all your help. The messages are sometimes difficult, but it is most important to try and give exactly what you hear, and nothing more, whether you understand it or not.

Feda understands. She only say exactly what she hear, even though it is double-Dutch. Don't forget to give my love to them all.

A. M. L.—Good-bye, Feda. (Shakes hands.)

Medium comes-to in about two to three minutes.

(Signed) A. M. L.

21 *December* 1915

[All written out fair same evening. Part on way home, and part after arriving, without disturbance from seeing anybody.]

Notes by O. J. L. on the A. M. L. Record

This seems to have been a good average sitting; it contains a few sufficiently characteristic remarks, and what is said about songs in it is rather specially good. In further explanation, a few notes, embodying more particular information obtained by me from the family when reading the sitting over to them, may now be added:—

NOTE A

The 'A *and* B' manifestly mean his brothers Alec and Brodie; and there was a natural reason for bracketing them together

inasmuch as they constitute the firm Lodge Brothers [now Lodge Plugs, Ltd.], with which Raymond was already to a large extent, and hoped to be still more closely, associated. But there may have been a minor point in it, since between Alec and Brodie long ago, at their joint preparatory school, there was a sort of joke, of which Raymond was aware, about problems given in algebra and arithmetic books : where, for instance, A buys so many dozen at some price, and B buys some at another price ; the question being to compare their profits. Or where A does a piece of work in so many days, and B does something else. It is usually not at all obvious, without working out, which gets the better of it, A or B ; and Alec seems to have recognized, in the manner of saying A and B, some reference to old family chaff on this subject.

NOTE B

The best evidential thing, however, is on p. 123—a reference to a song of his called *My Orange Girl*. If the name of the song merely had been given, though good enough, it would not have been quite so good, because the name of a song is common property. But the particular mode of describing it, in such a way as to puzzle Feda, namely, ' an orange lady ', making her think rather of a market woman, is characteristic of Raymond—especially the sentence about ' extolling her virtues and beauties ', which is not at all appropriate to Feda, and is exactly like Raymond. So is ' Willie of the weary proclivities '. (p. 124.)

The song *Irish Eyes* was also, I find, quite correct. It seems to have been a comparatively recent song, which he had sung several times.

Again, the song described thus by Feda :—

' A funny song which starts Ma. But Feda can't see any more—like somebody's name.'

I find that the letters M A were pronounced separately—not as a word. To me the Ma had suggested one of those nigger songs about ' Ma Honey '—the kind of song which might have been indicated by the word ' Hottentot ' above. But, at a later table sitting at Mariemont, he was asked what song he meant by the letters M A, and then he spelt out clearly the name ' Maggie '. This song was apparently unknown to those at the table, but was recognized by Norah, who was in the room, though not at the table, as a still more recent song of Raymond's, about ' Maggie Magee '. [See Appendix also.]

Appendix to Sitting of December 21, 1915 (Written 3½ Months later)

(Dictated by O. J. L., April 12, 1916.)

Last night the family were singing over some songs, and came across one which is obviously the one referred to in the above sitting of A. M. L. with Mrs. Leonard, held nearly four months ago, of which a portion ran thus (just before the reference to Orange Girl, p. 123) :—

> 'A. M. L.—What used he to sing ?
> Hello—Hullalo—sounds like Hullulu,—Hullulo. Something about "Hottentot"; but he is going back a long way, he thinks.'

References to other songs known to the family followed, but this reference to an unknown song was vaguely remembered by the family as a puzzle ; and it existed in A. M. L.'s mind as 'a song about "Honolulu"',—this being apparently the residual impression produced by the 'Hullulu' in combination with 'Hottentot' ; but no Honolulu song was known.

A forgotten and overlooked song has now (April 11, 1916) turned up, which is marked in pencil 'R. L. 3.3.4.,' i.e. March 3, 1904, which corresponds to his 'going back a long way'—to a time, in fact, when he was only fifteen. It is called, *My Southern Maid* ; and although no word about 'Honolulu' occurs in the printed version, one of the verses has been altered in Raymond's writing in pencil ; and that alteration is the following absurd introduction to a noisy chorus :—

> Any little flower from a tulip to a rose,
> If you'll be Mrs. John James Brown
> Of Hon-o-lu-la-lu-la town.

Until these words were sung last night, nobody seems to have remembered the song *My Southern Maid*, and there appears to be no reason for associating it with the word

' Honolulu ' or any similar sound, so far as public knowledge was concerned, or apart from Raymond's alterations.

Alec calls attention to the facts that, in answer to his question about songs, no songs were mentioned which were not actually Raymond's songs ; and that those which were mentioned were not those he was expecting. Furthermore, that if he had thought of these songs he would have thought of them by their ordinary titles, such as *My Orange Girl* and *My Southern Maid* ; though the latter he had forgotten altogether. (Cf. p. 125.)

(A sort of disconnected sequel to this song episode occurred some months later, as reported in Chapter XVIII.)

CHAPTER XV

PRIVATE SITTINGS AT MARIEMONT

IT had been several times indicated that Raymond wanted to come into the family circle at home, and that Honor, whom he often refers to as H., would be able to help him. Attempted private sittings of this kind were referred to by Raymond through London mediums, and he gave instruction as to procedure, as already reported (pp. 105 and 122).

After a time some messages were received, and family communications without any outside medium have gradually become easy.

Records were at first carefully kept, but I do not report them, because clearly it is difficult to regard anything thus got as evidential. At the same time, the naturalness of the whole, and the ready way in which family jokes were entered into and each new-comer recognized and welcomed appropriately, were very striking. A few incidents, moreover, were really of an evidential character, and these must be reported in due course.

But occasionally the table got rather rampageous and had to be quieted down. Sometimes, indeed, both the table and things like flower-pots got broken. After these more violent occasions, Raymond volunteered the explanation, through mediums in London, that he couldn't always control it, and that there was a certain amount of skylarking, not on our side, which he tried to prevent (see p. 105, also p. 162); though in certain of the surprising mechanical demonstrations, and, so to speak, tricks, which certainly seemed beyond the normal power of anyone touching the table, he

appeared to be decidedly interested, and was represented as desirous of repeating a few of the more remarkable ones for my edification.

I do not, however, propose to report in this book concerning any purely physical phenomena: they require a more thorough treatment. Suffice it to say that the movements were not only intelligent, but were sometimes, though very seldom, such as apparently could not be accomplished by any normal application of muscular force, however unconsciously such force might be exerted by anyone—it might only be a single person—left in contact with the table.

A family sitting with no medium present is quite different from one held with a professional or indeed any outside medium. Information is freely given about the doings of the family; and the general air is that of a family conversation; because, of course, in fact, no one but the family is present.

At any kind of sitting the conversation is rather one-sided, but whereas with a medium the sitter is reticent, and the communicator is left to do nearly all the talking, in a family group the sitters are sometimes voluble; while the ostensible control only occasionally takes the trouble to spell out a sentence, most of his activity consisting in affirmation and negation and rather effective dumb show.

I am reluctant to print a specimen of these domestic chats, though it seems necessary to give some account of them.

On Christmas Day, 1915, the family had a long table sitting. It was a friendly and jovial meeting, with plenty of old songs interspersed, which Raymond seemed thoroughly to enjoy and, as it were, 'conduct'; but for publication I think it will be better to select something shorter.

At this date the table generally used happened to be a chess-table with centre pillar and three claw feet. After this table and another one had got broken during the more exuberant period of these domestic sittings, before the power had got under control, a stronger and heavier round table with four legs was obtained, and was employed only for this purpose.

Table Sitting in the Drawing-Room at Mariemont, 9 p.m., Monday, April 17, 1916.

REPORT BY M. F. A. L.

Music going on in the drawing-room at Mariemont. The girls (four of them) and Alec singing at the piano. Woodie and Honor and I sitting at the other end of the room. Lionel in the large chair.

The Shakespeare Society was meeting in the house, and at that time having coffee in the dining-room, so O. J. L. was not with us.

Woodie thought Raymond was in the room and would like to hear the singing, but Honor thought it too late to begin with the table, as we should shortly be going into the dining-room.

However, I got the table ready near the piano, and Honor came to it, and the *instant* she placed her hands on it, it began to rock. I put my hands on too.

We asked if it was Raymond, and if he had been waiting, and he said :—

YES.

He seemed to wish to listen to the music, and kept time with it gently. And after a song was over that he liked, he very distinctly and decidedly applauded.

Lionel came (I think at Raymond's request) and sat at the table with us. It seemed determined to edge itself close to the piano, though we said we must pull it back, and did so. But it would go there, and thumped Barbie, who was playing the piano, in time to the music. Alec took one of the black satin cushions and held it against her as a buffer. The table continued to bang, and made a little hole in the cushion.

It then edged itself along the floor, where for a minute or two it could make a sound on the boards beyond the carpet. Then it seemed to be feeling about with one foot (it has three).

It found a corner of the skirting board, where it could lodge one foot about 6 inches from the ground. It then raised the other two level with it, in the air; and this it did many times, seeming delighted with its new trick.

It then laid itself down on the ground, and we asked if we should help it and lift it up, but it banged a

No

on the floor, and raised itself a little several times without having the strength to get up. It lifted itself quite a foot from the ground, and was again asked if we might not lift it, but it again banged once for

No.

But Lionel then said:—

LIONEL.—Well, Pat, my hand is in a most uncomfortable position; won't you let me put the table up?

It at once banged three times for

Yes.

So we raised it.

I then said:—

M. F. A. L.—Raymond, I want to ask you a question as a test: What is the name of the sphere on which you are living?

[I did this, because others beside Raymond have said, through Mrs. Leonard, that they were living on the third sphere, and that it was called 'Summerland', so I thought it might be an idea of the medium's. I don't much like these 'sphere' messages, and don't know whether they mean anything; but I assume that 'sphere' may mean condition, or state of development.]

We took the alphabet, and the answer came at once:—

SUMMERRLODGE.

We asked, after the second R, if there was not some mistake; and again when O came, instead of the A we had expected for 'Summerland'.

But he said No.

So we went on, though I thought it was hopelessly

wrong, and ceased to follow. I felt sure it was mere muddle.

So my surprise was the greater when the note-taker read out, 'Summer, R. Lodge', and I found he had signed his name to it, to show, I suppose, that it was his own statement, and not Feda's.

[Lorna reports that the impression made upon them was that Raymond knew they had been expecting one ending, and that he was amused at having succeeded in giving them another. They enjoyed the joke together, and the table shook as if laughing.]

We talked to him a little after this, and Alec and Noël put their hands on the table, and we said good night.

WARNING

It may be well to give a word of warning to those who find that they possess any unusual power in the psychic direction, and to counsel regulated moderation in its use. Every power can be abused, and even the simple faculty of automatic writing can with the best intentions be misapplied. Self-control is more important than any other form of control, and whoever possesses the power of receiving communications in any form should see to it that he remains master of the situation. To give up your own judgement and depend solely on adventitious aid is a grave blunder, and may in the long run have disastrous consequences. Moderation and common sense are required in those who try to utilize powers which neither they nor any fully understand, and a dominating occupation in mundane affairs is a wholesome safeguard.

MARIMEONT

RAYMOND AND BRODIE WITH THE PIGEONS AT MARIEMONT

CHAPTER XVI

MORE UNVERIFIABLE MATTER

AT some of the sittings now, deceased friends, not relatives, were brought by Raymond, and gave notable evidence both to us and to other people; especially to parents in some cases, to widows in others; some of which may perhaps be partially reported hereafter.

I propose now to pass on to the record of a strange and striking sitting which Lady Lodge had with Mrs. Leonard on February 4, 1916. But I feel bound to say that there is divergence of opinion as to whether this particular record ought to be published or not. I can only say that I recognize the responsibility, and hope that I am right in partially accepting it. Subsequent explanatory comments are in square brackets as usual.

Non-Evidential Sitting of M. F. A. L. with Mrs. Leonard at her House on Friday, February 4, 1916, *from* 8.30 *p.m. to* 11.10 *p.m.*

(M. F. A. L. alone.)

Feda.—Oh, it's Miss Olive!

M. F. A. L.—So glad to meet you, Feda!

Feda love you and Soliver best of all. SLionel and SAlec too she love very much.

Raymond is here. He has been all over the place with Paulie, to all sorts of places to the mediums, to try and get poor boys into touch with their mothers. Some are very jealous of those who succeed. They

try to get to their mothers, and they can't—they are shut out. They make me feel as though I could cry to see them. We explain that their mothers and fathers don't know about communicating.

He said about some one, that she'd gone right on to a very high sphere indeed, as near celestial as could possibly be. His sister, he says—can't get her name. [He means Lily, presumably.] He says William had gone on too, a good way, but not too far to come to him. [His brother.] (p. 109.)

Those who are fond of you never go too far to come back to you—sometimes too far to communicate, never too far to meet you when you pass over.

M. F. A. L.—That's so comforting, darling. I don't want to hold you back.

You gravitate here to the ones you're fond of. Those you're not fond of, if you meet them in the street, you don't bother yourself to say 'how-do-you-do'.

M. F. A. L.—There are streets, then?

Yes. He was pleased to see streets and houses.

At one time, I thought it might be created by one's own thoughts. You gravitate to a place you are fitted for. Mother, there's no judge and jury, you just gravitate, like to like.

I've seen some boys pass on who had nasty ideas and vices. They go to a place I'm very glad I didn't have to go to, but it's not hell exactly. More like a reformatory—it's a place where you're given a chance, and when you want to look for something better, you're given a chance to have it. They gravitate together, but get so bored. Learn to help yourself, and immediately you'll be helped. Very like your world; only no unfairness, no injustice—a common law operating for each and every one.

M. F. A. L.—Are all of the same rank and grade?

Rank doesn't count as a virtue. High rank comes by being virtuous. Those who have been virtuous

have to pass through lower rank to understand things. All go on to the astral first, just for a little.

He doesn't remember being on the astral himself. He thinks where he is now, he's about third. Summerland—Homeland, some call it. It is a very happy medium. The very highest can come to visit you, and yet it is just sufficiently near the earth plane to be able to get to those on earth. He thinks you have the best of it here, so far as he can see.

Mother, I went to a gorgeous place the other day.

M. F. A. L.—Where was it?

Goodness knows!

I was permitted, so that I might see what was going on in the Highest Sphere. Generally the High Spirits come to us.

I wonder if I can tell you what it looked like!

[Until the case for survival is considered established, it is thought improper and unwise to relate an experience of a kind which may be imagined, in a book dealing for the most part with evidential matter. So I have omitted the description here, and the brief reported utterance which followed. I think it is fair, however, to quote the record so far as it refers to the youth's own feelings, because otherwise the picture would be incomplete and one-sided, and he might appear occupied only with comparatively frivolous concerns.]

I felt exalted, purified, lifted up. I was kneeling. I couldn't stand up, I *wanted* to kneel.

Mother, I thrilled from head to foot. He didn't come near me, and I didn't feel I wanted to go near him. Didn't feel I ought. The Voice was like a bell. I can't tell you what he was dressed or robed in. All seemed a mixture of shining colours.

No good; can you imagine what I felt like when he put those beautiful rays on to me? I don't know what I've ever done that I should have been given that wonderful experience. I never thought of such a thing being possible, not at any rate for years, and years, and years. No one could tell what I felt, I can't explain it.

Will they understand it?

I know father and you will, but I want the others to try. I can't put it into words.

I didn't walk, I had to be taken back to Summerland, I don't know what happened to me. If you could faint with delight! Weren't those beautiful words?

I've asked if Christ will go and be seen by everybody; but was told, 'Not quite in the same sense as you saw Him'. I was told Christ was always in spirit on earth—a sort of projection, something like those rays, something of him in every one.

People think he is *a* Spirit, walking about in a particular place. Christ is everywhere, not as a personality. There *is* a Christ, and He lives on the

highest plane, and that is the one I was permitted to see.

There was more given me in that beautiful message ; I can't remember it all. He said the whole of it, nearly and word for word, of what I've given you. You see from that I'm given a mission to do, helping near the earth plane. . . .

Shall I tell you why I'm so glad that is my work, given me by the Highest Authority of all !

First of all, I'm proud to do His work, no matter what it is ; but the great thing is, I can be near you and father.

M. F. A. L.—If we can only be worthy !

You are both doing it, every bit you can.

M. F. A. L.—Well, I'm getting to love people more than I used to do.

I have learnt over here, that every one is not for you. If not in affinity, let them go, and be with those you *do* like.

Mother, will they think I'm kind of puffing myself up or humbugging ? It's so wonderful, will they be able to understand that it's just Raymond that's been through this ? No Sunday school.

I treasured it up to give you to-night. I put it off because I didn't know if I could give it in the right words that would make them feel like I feel —or something like. Isn't it a comfort ? You and father think it well over. I didn't ask for work to be near the earth plane ! I thought that things would be made right. But think of it being given me, the work I should have prayed for !

M. F. A. L.—Then you're nearer ?

Much nearer ! I was bound to be drawn (?). So beautiful to think, now I can *honestly* stay near the earth plane. Eventually, instead of going up by degrees, I shall take, as Feda has been promised, a jump. And when you and father come, you will be on one side, and father on the other. We shall be a while in Summerland, just to get used to conditions.

He says very likely we shall be wanted to keep an eye on the others. He means brothers and sisters. I can't tell you how pleased I feel—'pleased' is a poor word!

M. F. A. L.—About what, my dear?

About being very near the earth plane.

I've pressed on, getting used to conditions here, and yet when I went into the Presence I was overawed.

How can people . . .

It made me wish, in the few seconds I was able to think of anything, that I had led one of the purest lives imaginable. If there's any little tiny thing I've ever done, it would stand out like a mountain. I didn't have much time to think, but I did feel in that few seconds . . .

I felt when I found myself back in Summerland that I was *charged* with something—some wonderful power. As if I could stop rivers, move mountains; and so wonderfully glad.

He says, don't bother yourself about trying to like people you've got an antipathy for, it's waste of you. Keep love for those who want it, don't throw it away on those who don't; it's like giving things to over-fed people when hungry chaps are standing by.

Do you know that I can feel my ideas altering, somehow.

I feel more naturally in tune with conditions very far removed from the earth plane; yet I like to go round with Paul, and have fun, and enjoy myself.

After that wonderful experience, I asked some one if it wasn't stupid to like to have fun and go with the others. But they said that if you've got a work to do on the earth plane, you're not to have all the black side, you are allowed to have the lighter side too, sunshine and shadow. One throws the other up, and makes you better able to judge the value of each. There are places on my sphere where they can listen to beautiful music when they choose. Everybody,

even here, doesn't care for music, so it's not in my sphere compulsory.

He likes music and singing, but wouldn't like to live in the middle of it always, he can go and hear it if he wants to, he is getting more fond of it than he was.

Mr. Myers was very pleased. He says, you know it isn't always the parsons, not always the parsons, that go highest first. It isn't what you professed, it's what you've done. If you have not believed definitely in life after death, but have tried to do as much as you could, and led a decent life, and have left alone things you don't understand, that's all that's required of you. Considering how simple it is, you'd think everybody would have done it, but very few do.

On our side, we expect a few years will make a great difference in the conditions of people on the earth plane.

In five years, ever so many more will be wanting to know about the life to come, and how they shall live on the earth plane so that they shall have a pretty good life when they pass on. They'll do it, if only as a wise precaution. But the more they know, the higher lines people will be going on.

Some people asked me, are you pleased with where your body lies? I tell them I don't care a bit, I've no curiosity about my body now. It's like an old coat that I've done with, and hope some one will dispose of it. I don't want flowers on my body. Flowers in house, in Raymond's home.

Power is going, good night.

M. F. A. L.—Do you sleep?

Well, I doze.

M. F. A. L.—Do you have rain?

Well, you can go to a place where rain is.

M. F. A. L.—Do you know that your father is having all the sittings bound together in a book?

It will be very interesting to see how I change as I go on. (cf. p. 181.)

Good night.

NOTE BY O. J. L.

It must be remembered that all this, though reported in the first person, really comes through Feda; and though her style and grammar improve in the more serious portions, due allowance must be made for this fact.

CHAPTER XVII

TWO RATHER EVIDENTIAL SITTINGS BY O. J. L. ON MARCH 3, 1916

ON the morning of March 3 I had a sitting in Mrs. Kennedy's house with a Mrs. Clegg, a fairly elderly dame whose peculiarity is that she allows direct control by the communicator more readily than most mediums do.

Mrs. Kennedy (the mother of Paul, Chap. IX) has had Mrs. Clegg two or three times to her house, and Paul has learnt how to control her pretty easily, and is able to make very affectionate demonstrations and to talk through the organs of the medium, though in rather a jerky and broken way. She accordingly kindly arranged an anonymous sitting for me.

The sitting began with sudden clairvoyance, which was unexpected. It was a genuine though not a specially successful sitting, and it is worth partially reporting because of the reference to it which came afterwards through another medium, on the evening of the same day; making a simple but exceptionally clear and natural cross-correspondence :—

Anonymous Sitting of O. J. L. with Mrs. Clegg

At 11.15 a.m. on Friday, March 3, 1916, I arrived at Mrs. Kennedy's, went up and talked to her in the drawing-room till nearly 11.30, when Mrs. Clegg arrived.

She came into the room while I was seeing to the fire, spoke to Mrs. Kennedy, and said, ' Oh, is this the gentleman that I am to sit with ? ' She was then given a seat in front of the fire, being asked to get quiet after her omnibus journey. But she had hardly seated herself before she said :—

' Oh, this room is so full of people ; oh, some one so eager to come ! I hear some one say " Sir Oliver Lodge ". Do you know anyone of that name ? "

I said, yes, I know him.

Mrs. Kennedy got up to darken the room slightly, and Mrs. Clegg ejaculated :—

' Who is Raymond, Raymond, Raymond ? He is standing close to me.' (The book did not appear till 8 months later.)

She was evidently going off into a trance, so we moved her chair back farther from the fire, and without more preparation she went off.

For some time, however, nothing further happened, except contortions, struggling to get speech, rubbings of the back as if in some pain or discomfort there, and a certain amount of gasping for breath.

Mrs. Kennedy came to try and help, and to give power. She knelt by her side and soothed her. I sat and waited.

Presently the utterance was distinguished as, ' Help me, where's the doctor ? '

After a time, with K. K.'s help, the control seemed to get a little clearer, and the words, ' So glad ; father ; love to mother ; so glad ', frequently repeated in an indistinct and muffled tone of voice, were heard, followed by, ' Love to all of them '.

While Raymond was speaking, and at intervals, the medium kept flopping over to one side or the other, hanging on the arm of her chair with head down, or else drooping forward, or with head thrown back—assuming various limp and wounded attitudes. Though every now and then she seemed to make an effort to hold herself up, and once or twice crossed knees and sat up firm, with arms more or less folded. But the greater part of the time she was flopping about.

On the evening of this same 3rd of March—i.e. later in the same day that I had sat with Mrs. Clegg—I went alone

to Mrs. Leonard's house and had rather a remarkable sitting, at which full knowledge of the Clegg performance was shown. It is worthy therefore of some careful attention.

Sitting of O. J. L. with Mrs. Leonard at her House on Friday, March 3, 1916, *from* 9.15 *p.m. to* 11.15 *p.m.*

(O. J. L. alone.)

Feda reported that Raymond had been at Paul's home and had tried to control an older medium, a new one to him.[1] He wanted to speak through her, but he found it was difficult. Paul manages it all right, he says, but *he* finds it difficult. He says he started to get through, and then he didn't feel like himself. It's awful strange when one tries to control anybody. He wanted to very badly; he almost had them. He means he nearly got through. Oh, he says, he's not giving it up; he's going to try again. What worries him is that he doesn't feel like himself. You know, father, I might be anybody. He says, Do you believe that in that way, practice makes perfect?

O. J. L.—Yes, I'm sure it gets easier with practice.

Oh, then he'll practise dozens of times, if he thinks it will be any good.

O. J. L.—Did he like the old woman?

Oh, yes; she 's a very good sort.

O. J. L.—Who was there sitting?

[This question itself indicates, what was the fact, that I had so far given no recognition or assent to the statement that Raymond had been trying to control a medium on the morning of that same day. I wanted to take what came through, without any assistance.]

He's not sure, because he didn't seem to get all

[1] This shows clear and independent knowledge of the sitting which I had held with Mrs. Clegg that same morning (see early parts of this chapter).

properly into the conditions; it was like being in a kind of mist, in a fog. He felt he was getting hold of the lady, but he didn't quite know where he was. He'd got something ready to say, and he started to try and say it, and it seemed as if he didn't know where he was.

[Feda reports sometimes in the third person, sometimes in the first.] (For following see p. 142.)

What does she flop about for, father? *I* don't want to do that; it bothered me rather, I didn't know if I was making her ill or something. Paul said she thought it was the correct thing to do! But I wish she wouldn't. If she would only keep quiet, and let me come calmly, it would be much easier. Mrs. Kathie [Feda's name for Mrs. Katherine Kennedy] tries to help all she can, but it makes such a muddled condition. I might not be able to get a test through, he says, even when I controlled better; I should have to get quite at home there, before I could give tests through her. (Feda goes on) He and Paulie used to joke about the old lady, but they don't now. Paul manages to control; he used to see Paulie doing it. I will try again, he says, and I will try again. It's worth trying a few times, then I can get my bearings, and I feel that what I wanted to say beforehand I will be able to get through.

Feda has an idea that what he had saved up to say was only just the usual messages. He had got them ready in his head; he had learnt it up—just a few words. Paulie told him he had better do that, and then to spit it out. And that's what he tried to do—just to say the few words that he had learnt up. He just wanted to say how pleased he was to see you. He wanted also to speak about his mother, and to bring in, if he could, about having talked to you through Feda. Just simple things like that. He had to think of simple things, because Paulie had told him that it was no good trying to think of anything in-tri-cate.

[Feda always pronounces what she no doubt considers long words in a careful and drawn-out manner.]

He didn't see clearly, but he felt. He had a good idea that you were there, and that Mrs. Kathie was there, but he wasn't sure; he was all muddled up. Poor Mrs. Kathie was doing her best. He says, Don't change the conditions, if you try it again. He never quite knows whether he is going to have good conditions or not. He wanted to speak about all this. That's all about that.

[This is a completely accurate reference to what had happened with Mrs. Clegg in the morning of the same day (cf. p. 142.) Everything is properly and accurately represented. It is the best thing about the sitting perhaps, though there are many good things in it.]

At the sitting of March 3, now being reported, Feda went on thus :—

He took his mother some red roses, and he wants you to tell her. He took them to her from the spirit world, they won't materialize, but I gathered some and took them to her. This isn't a test, father.

O. J. L.—No. Very well, you just want her to know. I will tell her.

(Some episodes omitted.)

FEDA.—He thought you were tired out last time you came here. He knows you are sometimes. He's been wanting to say to you, ' Leave some of it '.

O. J. L.—But there's so much to be done.

FEDA.—Yes, he knows it isn't easy to leave it. But it would be better in the end if you can leave a bit, father. You are doing too much.

You know that I am longing and dying for the day when you come over to me. It will be a splendid day for me. But I mustn't be selfish. I have got to work to keep you away from us, and that's not easy for me.

He says that lots over here talk, and say that you will be doing the most wonderful work of your life through the war. People are ready to listen now. They had too many things before to let them think about them; but now it's the great thing to think about the after-life.

I want you to know that when first I came over here, I thought it a bit unfair that such a lot of fellows were coming over in the prime of life, coming over here. But now he sees that for every one that came over, dozens of people open their eyes, and want to know where he has gone to. Directly they want to know, they begin to learn something. Some of them never stopped to think seriously before. 'He must be somewhere,' they say, 'he was so full of life; can we find out?' Then I see that through this, people are going to find out, and find out not only for themselves, but will pass it on to many others, and so it will grow.

He wants to tell you that Mr. Myers says that in ten years from now the world will be a different place. He says that about fifty per cent. of the civilized portion of the globe will be either spiritualists, or coming into it.

O. J. L.—Fifteen per cent.?

FEDA.—Fifty, he said.

Raymond says, I am no judge of that, but he isn't the only one that thinks it. He says, I've got a kind of theory, in a crude sort of way, that man has made the earth plane into such a hotbed of materialism and selfishness, that man again has to atone by sacrifices of mankind in the prime of their physical life. So that by that prime self-effacement, they will bring more spiritual conditions on to the earth, which will crush the spirit of materialism. He says that isn't how I meant to put it, but I've forgotten how I meant to say it.

O. J. L.—Well, now, Raymond, Mr. Myers sent me a message to say that you had got some tests ready to get through,

and that I was to give you an opportunity of giving them.

FEDA.—Oh, yes, he says. But I can't get anything through about the Argonauts: that seems worst of anything.

He's showing Feda a thing that looks like a canvas house. Yes, it must be a canvas house. And it looks to Feda as though it's on a place that seems to be open—a wide space. Yes, no, there's not much green showing where Feda can see. There's a kind of a door in it, like that. (Feda made some sign I didn't catch.) The canvas is sort of grey, quite a light colour, but not quite white. Oh, yes, Feda feels the sound of water not far from it—ripple, ripple. Feda sees a boy—not Raymond—half lying, half sitting at the door of the tent place, and he hasn't got a proper coat on; he's got a shirt thing on here, and he's like spreaded out. It's a browny-coloured earth, not nice green, but sandy-coloured ground. As Feda looks at the land, the ground rises sharp at the back. Must have been made to rise, it sticks up in the air. He's showing it as though it should be in some photograph or picture. Feda got wondering about it, what it was for. It's a funny-shaped tent, not round, sort of lop-sided. The door isn't a proper door, it flops. You ought to be able to see a picture of this. [See photographs opposite p. 148.]

Feda gets a feeling that there are two or three moving about inside that tent.

O. J. L.—Is it all one chamber in the tent?

FEDA.—He didn't say that. He was going to say, no, and then he stopped to think. No, I don't think it was, it was divided off.

[See photographs of two forms of this tent.]

Now he is showing something right on top of that. Now he is showing Feda a yacht, a boat with white sails. Now he is going back to the tent again. The raised-up land is at the back of the tent, well set back. It doesn't give an even sticking-up, but it goes right along, with bits up and bits lower down.

[The description could not be completely taken down, but it gave the impression of a raised bank of varying height, behind an open space, and a tent in front of it. It quite suggested that sort of picture.]

Maps, what's that? Maps, maps, he says. He's saying something about maps. This is something that the boys will know. Poring, he says. Not pouring anything out, but poring over maps. Ask the boys. [See note after further reference to maps later in the sitting.]

O. J. L.—What about that yacht with sails; did it run on the water?

No. (Feda, *sotto voce*.—Oh, Raymond, don't be silly!) He says, no. (Feda.—It must have done!) He's showing Feda like a thing on land, yes, a land thing. It's standing up, like edgeways. A narrow thing. No, it isn't water, but it has got nice white sails.

O. J. L.—Did it go along?

He says it DIDN'T! He's laughing! When he said 'didn't' he shouted it. Feda should have said, 'He laid peculiar emphasis on it'. This is for the boys.

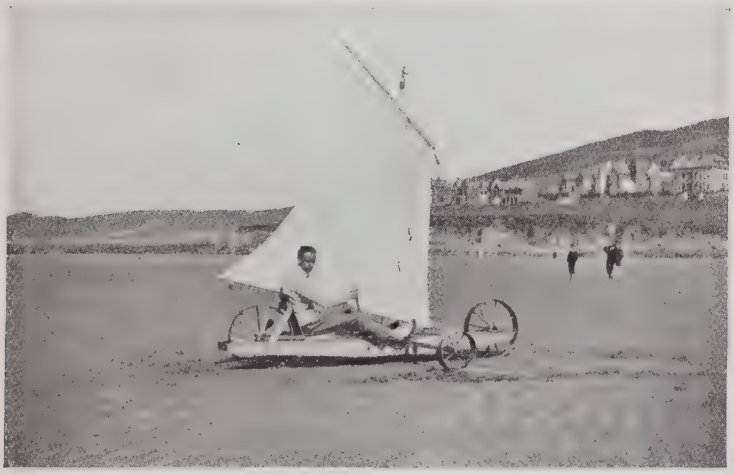
O. J. L.—Had they got to do with that thing?

Yes, they will know, they will understand. Yes, he keeps on showing like a boat—a yacht, he calls it, a yacht.

[See note below and photographs opposite.]

[*Note by O. J. L. on Tent and Boat.*—All this about the tent and boat is excellent, though not outside my knowledge. The description of the scenery showed plainly that it was Woolacombe sands that was meant—whither the family had gone in the summer for several years—a wide open stretch of sand, with ground rising at the back, as described, and with tents along under the bank, one of which—a big one—had been made

THE TENT IN ITS SECOND FORM (1906) MADE OUT OF THE REMAINS OF THE FIRST



FIRST EDITION OF THE SANDBOAT (1906) AT WOOLACOMBE WITH ALEC ON BOARD

by the boys. It was on wheels, it had two chambers with a double door, and was used for bathing by both the boys and girls. Quite a large affair, oblong in shape, like a small cottage. One night a gale carried it up to the top of the sand-hills and wrecked it. We saw it from the windows in the morning. The boys pulled it to pieces, and made a smaller tent of the remains, this time with only one chamber, and its shape was now a bit lop-sided. I felt in listening to the description that there was some hesitation in Raymond's mind as to whether he was speaking of the first or the second stage of this tent.

As for the sand-boat, it was a thing they likewise made at Mariemont, and carted down to Woolacombe. A kind of long narrow platform or plank on wheels, with a rudder and sails. At first, when it had small sails, it only went with a light passenger and a strong wind behind. But in a second season they were more ambitious, and made bigger sails to it, and that season I believe it went along the sands very fast occasionally; but it still wouldn't sail at right angles to the wind as they wanted. They finally smashed the mast by sailing in a gale with three passengers. There had been ingenuity in making it, and Raymond had been particularly active over it, as he was over all constructions. On the whole it was regarded as a failure, the wheels were too small; and Raymond's 'DIDN'T' is quite accepted.

References to these things were evidently some of the tests (p. 146) which he had got together for transmission to me. [See photographs.]]

FEDA.—He doesn't know whether he has got anything more that he can really call a test. You will have to take, he says (he's laughing now)—take the information about the old lady as a test.

O. J. L.—You mean what he began with? [i.e. about Mrs. Clegg.]

Yes.

O. J. L.—Well, it's a very good one.

O. J. L.—Does he remember William, our gardener?

Yes. Feda doesn't know what he means, but he says something about coming over. (*Sotto voce.*—Tell Feda what you mean.)

He doesn't give it very clearly. Feda gets an idea that he means coming over there. Yes, he does mean into the spirit world. Feda asks him, did he mean soon; but he shakes his head.

O. J. L.—Does he mean that he has come already?

He doesn't get that very clearly. He keeps saying, coming over, coming over, and when Feda asked 'Soon?' he shook his head, as if getting cross.

O. J. L.—If he sees him, perhaps he will help him.

Of course he will. He hasn't seen him yet. No, he hasn't seen him.

[I may here record that William, the gardener, died within a week before the sitting, and that Raymond here clearly indicates a knowledge, either of his death or of its imminence.]

It's difficult when people approach you, and say they knew your father or your mother; you don't quite know what to say to them!

O. J. L.—Yes, it must be a bother. Do you remember a bird in our garden?

(Feda, *sotto voce.*—Yes, hopping about?)

O. J. L.—No, Feda, a big bird.

Of course, not sparrows, he says! Yes, he does. Feda, *sotto voce.*—Did he hop, Raymond? No, he says you couldn't call it a hop.

O. J. L.—Well, we will go on to something else now; I don't want to bother him about birds. Ask him does he remember Mr. Jackson?

Yes. Going away, going away, he says. He used to come to the door. Feda, *sotto voce.*—Do you know what he means? Anyone can come to the door!

He used to see him every day, he says, every day. *Sotto voce.*—What did he do, Raymond?

He says nothing. I can't make out what he says. He's thinking. It's Feda's fault, he says.

O. J. L.—Well, never mind. Report anything he says, whether it makes sense or not.

He says he fell down. He's sure of that. He hurt himself. He builds up a letter T, and he shows a gate, a small gate—looks like a footpath; not one in the middle of a town. Pain in hands and arms.

O. J. L.—Was he a friend of the family?

No. No, he says no. He gives Feda a feeling of tumbling, again he gives a feeling as though—Feda thinks Raymond's joking—he laughed. He was well known among us, he says; and yet, he says, not a friend of the family. Scarcely a day passed without his name being mentioned. He's joking, Feda feels sure. He's making fun of Feda.

O. J. L.—No, tell me all he says.

He says, put him on a pedestal. No, that they put him on a pedestal. He was considered very wonderful. And he 'specs that he wouldn't have appreciated it, if he had known; but he didn't know, he says. Not sure if he ever will, he says. It sounds nonsense, what he says. Feda has got an impression that he's mixing him up with the bird, because he said something about 'bird' in the middle of it—just while he said something about Mr. Jackson, and then he pulled himself up, and changed it again. Just before he said 'pedestal' he said 'fine bird', and then he stopped. In trying to answer the one, he got both mixed up, Mr. Jackson and the bird.

O. J. L.—How absurd! Perhaps he's getting tired.

He won't say he got this mixed up! But he did! Because he said 'fine bird', and then he started off about Mr. Jackson.

O. J. L.—What about the pedestal?

On a pedestal, he said.

O. J. L.—Would he like him put on a pedestal?

No, he doesn't say nothing.

[*Contemporary Note by O. J. L.*—The episode of Mr. Jackson and the bird is a good one. 'Mr. Jackson' is the comic name of our peacock. Within the last week he has died, partly, I fear, by the severe weather. But his legs have been rheumatic and troublesome for some time; and in trying to walk he of late has tumbled down on them. He was found dead in a yard on a cold morning with his neck broken. One of the last people I saw before leaving home for this sitting was a man whom Lady Lodge had sent to take the bird's body and have it stuffed. She showed him a wooden pedestal on which she thought it might be placed, and tail feathers were being sent with it. Hence, the reference to the pedestal, if not telepathic from me, shows a curious knowledge of what was going on. And the jocular withholding from Feda of the real meaning of Mr. Jackson, and the appropriate remarks made concerning him which puzzled Feda, were quite in Raymond's vein of humour.

Feda evidently understood it, or tried to understand it, as meaning that some man, a Mr. Jackson, was metaphorically put on a pedestal by the family.

The fact, however, that Mr. Jackson was at once known by Raymond to be a bird is itself evidential, for there was nothing in the way I asked the question to make Feda or anyone think he was not a man. Indeed, that is precisely why she got rather bewildered.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that I had mentioned a bird first, but I tried afterwards, by my manner and remarks, completely to dissociate the name Jackson from what I had asked before about the bird; and Raymond played up to it.

It may be that he acquires some of these contem-

'GRANDFATHER W."

"MR. JACKSON" WITH M. F. A. L. AT MARIEMONT.

porary items of family information through sittings which are held in Mariemont, where of course all family gossip is told him freely, no outsider or medium being present. But the death of Mr. Jackson, and the idea of having him stuffed and put on a pedestal, were very recent, and I was surprised that he had knowledge of them. I emphasize the episode as exceptionally good.]

He's trying to show Feda the side of a house; not a wall; it has got glass. He's taking Feda round to it; it has got glass stuff. Yes, and when you look in, it's like flowers inside and green stuff. He used to go there a lot—be there, he says. Red-coloured pots.

O. J. L.—Is that anything to do with Mr. Jackson?

He's shaking his head now. That's where mother got the flowers from. Tell her, she will know.

[There is more than one greenhouse that might be referred to. M. F. A. L. got the yellow jasmine, which she thinks is the flower referred to, from the neighbourhood of one of them. And it is one on which the peacock used commonly to roost; though whether the reference to it followed on, or had any connexion with, the peacock is uncertain, and seems to be denied.]

Yes, he's not so clear now, Soliver. He *has* enjoyed himself. Sometimes he enjoys himself so much, he forgets to do the good things he prepared. I could stay for hours and hours, he says. But he's just as keen as you are in getting tests through. I think I have got some. When I go away, I pat myself on the back and think, That's something for them to say, 'Old Raymond does remember something'. What does aggravate him sometimes is that when he can't get things through, people think it's because he has forgotten. It isn't a case of forgetting. He doesn't forget anything.

Father, do you remember what I told mother about

the place I had been to, and whom I had been allowed to see? What did they think of it?

[See M. F. A. L. sitting with Mrs. Leonard, February 4, 1916, Chapter XVI.]

O. J. L.—Well, the family thought that it wasn't like Raymond.

Ah, that's what I was afraid of. That's the awful part of it.

O. J. L.—Well, I don't suppose they knew your serious side.

Before he gave that to his mother, he hesitated, and thought he wouldn't. And then he said, Never mind what they think now, I must let mother and father know. Some day they will know, and so, what does it matter?

He knew that they might think it was something out of a book, not me; but perhaps they didn't know that side of me so well. (p. 9.)

O. J. L.—No. But among the things that came back, there was a Bible with marked passages in it, and so I saw that you had thought seriously about these things.

Yes, he says. Yet there's something strange about it somehow. We are afraid of showing that side; we keep it to ourselves, and even hide it.

O. J. L.—It must have been a great experience for you.

I hadn't looked for it, I hadn't hoped for it, but it was granted.

O. J. L.—Do you think you could take some opportunity of speaking about it through some other medium, not Feda? Because at present the boys think that Feda invented it.

Yes, that's what they do think. He says he will try very hard.

O. J. L.—Have you ever seen that Person otherwise than at that time?

No, I have not seen Him, except as I told you; he says, father, he doesn't come and mingle freely, here and there and everywhere. I mean, not in that sense; but we are always conscious, and we feel him. We are conscious of his presence. But you know that people think that when they go over, they

will be with him hand in hand, but of course, they're wrong.

He doesn't think he will say very much more about that now, not until he's able to say it through some one else. It may be that they will say it wrong, that it won't be right; it may get twisted. Feda does that sometimes. Feda, *sotto voce*.—No, Feda doesn't! Yes she does, and that's why I say, go carefully.

O. J. L.—Has he been through another medium to a friend of mine lately?

[This was intended to refer to a sitting which Mr. Hill was holding with Peters about that date, and, as it turned out, on the same day.]

He doesn't say much. No, he doesn't say nothing about it. He hasn't got much power, and he's afraid that he might go wrong.

Good-bye, father, now. My love to you, my love to mother. I am nearer to you than ever before, and I'm not so silly about [not] showing it. Love to all of them. Lionel is a dear old chap. My love to all.

Don't forget to tell mother about the roses I brought her. There's nothing to understand about them; I just wanted her to know that I brought her some flowers.

Good night, father. I am always thinking of you. God bless you all.

Give Feda's love to SrAlec.

O. J. L.—Yes, I will, Feda. We are all fond of you.

Yes, Feda feels it, and it lifts Feda up, and helps her.

Mrs. Leonard speedily came to, and seemed quite easy and well, although the sitting had been a long one, and it was now nearly 11.30 p.m.

[I repeat in conclusion that this was an excellent sitting, with a good deal of evidential matter.—O. J. L.]

CHAPTER XVIII

THE 'HONOLULU' INCIDENT

THERE are a number of incidents which might be reported, some of them of characteristic quality, and a few of them of the nature of good tests. The one reported here is decidedly important.

I. SIMULTANEOUS SITTINGS IN LONDON AND EDGBASTON

Special 'Honolulu' Test Episode

Lionel and Norah, going through London on the way to Eastbourne, on Friday, May 26, 1916, arranged to have a sitting with Mrs. Leonard about noon. They held one from 11.55 to 1.30, and a portion of their record is transcribed below.

At noon it seems suddenly to have occurred to Alec in Birmingham to try for a correspondence test; so he motored up from his office, extracted some sisters from the Lady Mayoress's Depôt, where they were making surgical bandages, and took them to Mariemont for a brief table sitting. It lasted about ten minutes, between 12.10 and 12.20 p.m. And the test which he then and there suggested was to ask Raymond to get Feda in London to say the word 'Honolulu'. This task, I am told, was vigorously accepted and acquiesced in.

A record of this short sitting Alec wrote on a letter-card to me, which I received at 7 p.m. the same evening at Mariemont: the first I had heard of the experiment. The postmark is 1 p.m. 26 My 16', and the card runs thus:—

'*Mariemont, Friday, May* 26, 12.29 *p.m.*

'Honor, Rosalynde, and Alec sitting in drawing-room at table. Knowing Lionel and Norah having Feda sitting in London simultaneously. Asked Raymond to give our love to Norah and Lionel and to try and get Feda to say Honolulu. Norah and Lionel know nothing of this, as it was arranged by A. M. L. after 12 o'clock to-day.

'(Signed) ALEC M. LODGE
HONOR G. LODGE
ROSALYNDE V. LODGE'

It is endorsed on the back in pencil, 'Posted at B'ham General P.O. 12.43 p.m.'; and, in ink, 'Received by me 7 p.m.—O. J. L. Opened and read and filed at once.'

The sitters in London knew nothing of the contemporaneous attempt; and nothing was told them, either then or later. Noticing nothing odd in their sitting, which they had not considered a particularly good one, they made no report till after both had returned from Eastbourne a week later.

Their notes by that time had been written out, and were given me to read to the family. As I read, I came on a passage near the end, and, like the few others who were in the secret, was pleased to find that the word 'Honolulu' had been successfully got through. The subject of music appeared to have been rather forced in by Raymond, in order to get Feda to mention an otherwise disconnected and meaningless word; the time when this was managed being, I *estimate*, about 1.0 or 1.15. But of course it was not noted as of any interest at the time.

Here follow the London Notes. I will quote portions of the sitting only, so as not to take up too much space;—

Sitting of Lionel and Norah with Mrs. Leonard in London, Friday, May 26, 1916, *beginning* 11.55 *a.m.*

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT BY L. L.

After referring to Raymond's married sister and her husband, Feda suddenly ejaculated:—

How is Alec ?

L. L.—Oh, all right.

He just wanted to know how he was, and send his love to him. He does not always see who is at the table ; he feels some more than others.[1]

Sit quietly once or twice a week, hold your hands, the right over the left, so, for ten minutes, then sit quiet—only patience. He could wait till doomsday.

He says, Wait and see ; he is laughing !

He has seen Curly (pp. 115 and 118).

L. L.—Is Curly there now ?

No, we see her when we want to. That's the one that wriggles and goes . . . (here Feda made a sound like a dog panting, with her tongue out—quite a good imitation).

Raymond has met another boy like Paul, a boy called Ralph. He likes him. There is what you call a set. People meet there who are interested in the same things. Ralph is a very decent sort of chap.[2]

(To Norah).—You could play.

N. M. L.—Play what ?

Not a game, a music.

N. M. L.—I am afraid I can't, Raymond.

(Feda, *sotto voce*.—She can't do that.)

He wanted to know whether you could play Hulu—Honolulu.

Well, can't you try to ? He is rolling with laughter [meaning that he's pleased about something].

He says something about a yacht ; he means a test he sent through about a yacht. Confounded Argonauts ![3]

He is going. Fondest love to them at Mariemont.

[1] It is noteworthy, in connexion with these remarks, that Honor and Alec were sitting for a short time at Mariemont just about now.—O. J. L.

[2] This is Raymond's first mention of a Ralph—presumably the one whose people, not known to us personally, had had excellent table sittings wth Mrs. Leonard. See page 118.—O. J. L.

[3] This is too late to be of any use, but ' Yacht ' appears to be the sort of answer they had wanted to ' Argonauts '. (See pages 93 and 148.)—O. J. L.

The sitting continued for a short time longer, ending at 1.30 p.m., but the present report may end here.

NOTE ON THE 'HONOLULU' EPISODE BY O. J. L.

I must press this 'Honolulu' episode—

(i) because it establishes a reality about the home sittings,
(ii) because it so entirely eliminates anything of the nature of collusion, conscious or unconscious,
(iii) because the whole circumstances of the test make it an exceedingly good one.

What it does not exclude is telepathy. In fact it may be said to suggest telepathy. Yes, it suggests distinctly one variety of what, I think, is often called telepathy—a process sometimes conducted, I suspect, by an unrecognized emissary or messenger between agent and percipient. It was exactly like an experiment conducted for thought transference at a distance. For at Edgbaston was a party of three sitting round a table and thinking for a few seconds of the word 'Honolulu'; while in London was a party of two simultaneously sitting with a medium and recording what was said. And in their record the word 'Honolulu' occurs. Telepathy, however—of whatever kind—is not a normal explanation; and I venture to say that there is no normal explanation, since in my judgement chance is out of the question. The subject of music was forced in by the communicator, in order to bring in the word; it did not occur naturally; and even if the subject of music had arisen, there was no sort of reason for referring to that particular song (p. 126). The chief thing that the episode establishes, to my mind, and a thing that was worth establishing, is the genuine character of the simple domestic sittings without a medium which are occasionally held by the family circle at Mariemont. For it is through these chiefly that Raymond remains as much a member of the family group as ever.

REMARKS BY O. J. L. IN CONCLUDING PART II IN 1916

The number of more or less convincing proofs which we have obtained is by this time very great. Some of them appeal more to one person, some to another; but taking them all together every possible ground of suspicion or doubt seems to the family to be now removed. And it is legitimate to say, further, that partly through Raymond's activity a certain amount of help of the same kind has been afforded to other families.

A small selection from many later incidents may be now briefly cited, as examples of what has gone on since this book was first published.

CHAPTER XIX

SUPPLEMENTARY: SELECTION OF MORE RECENT INCIDENTS

(MOSTLY IN 1916 AND 1918)

SINCE the last record reported in earlier editions of this book, many other conversations have naturally been held, and another book of equal or greater length could be produced. But it will suffice if I give a few samples, such as may be welcomed by some of those who have assimilated the main facts and are interested in further details. I begin then, with a few Feda sittings held, for the first time, at Mariemont; the history of which is as follows:—

This book went to press in June, 1916, and was published in November of the same year. Consequently, as there was no evidential advantage in treating Mrs. Leonard any longer as a stranger, and as it would be interesting to see what Feda said when introduced to Raymond's old home, the family invited Mrs. Leonard to stay a few days at Mariemont. (p. 132.) She arrived on Saturday, July 15, 1916, and during the night it appeared that her clairvoyant faculty enabled her to receive certain impressions. The following is my contemporary record of what she told me:—

Mrs. Leonard's Experiences the First Night at Mariemont, Saturday, July 15, 1916

Mrs. Leonard slept in the White Room. While it was still dark, she heard some raps on the wardrobe, and opening her eyes, saw a sort of greenish light in the room. She felt rather

stiff and almost cataleptic; but she managed to move an arm and make the sign of the cross on her breast, which she considers helps to keep away evil things. She felt as if she could only move her eyes, not her head, thus limiting her range of vision in the room. She then heard a voice say 'Raymond', and looking up, she saw a figure in grey clothes. She perceived that it was Raymond, and she afterwards heard him tramping about the room. She thought to herself, 'Am I really awake', and she heard heavy rain, so she knew that she really was awake, and that it was not a dream. She also reported that Raymond looked very much like a photograph in the Library, though he was not in uniform.

During succeeding nights at Mariemont (i.e. Sunday and Monday) she again heard knocks on the wardrobe, and on Sunday night they were so loud that it seemed as if the top was coming off,—the noise was just after she got into bed, and it startled her.

Nothing of a psychic kind was attempted on the day of her arrival, but on Sunday evening (16th July) the whole party assembled in the drawing-room for some music; and the table, under a brother's and sister's hands, kept time as usual, becoming more vigorous whenever Mrs. Leonard put her hand on it too. Presently it indicated that Raymond would prefer a talk, as he could 'talk more now and see more clearly'. The table spelt out also, 'It is a special day, he had returned from . . .' but seemed unable to finish the sentence.

[It is true that on the 16th July, the previous year, he had come home for his short leave,—a thing he had looked forward to intensely.]

In spite of Mrs. Leonard's presence the table now became inert; so it was put away, and Mrs. Leonard sat quiet till Feda began to talk. She said first that Ronn (meaning Lieut. Ronald Case) and several others of Raymond's friends were there too, but that we hadn't sung the right songs for them. They asked for what they called, *Honolulu*, *The Orange Complexioned Lady*, *Irish Eyes*, and such like. (See pp. 123—127.) So at a later sitting, on Wednesday, these were sung; also songs from *Gipsy Love*, and *Mélisande*, and some sentimental Indian love songs

(called Temple songs). Feda specially liked these, while she groaned and seemed in pain over the rag-time ones. She was not hurt by the sadness of *Mélisande*; saying that she 'didn't mind people being sad if they were sad nicely'.

After a little further talk—going back to the record of Sunday evening—Raymond said he wanted us all, on some other evening, to go to the top floor. 'All follow him up there. He likes the top floor. Not the roof, he doesn't mean the roof; no, he says, a most interesting place,' and Feda went on——

> 'There's something about a picture to do with the top floor. Some picture there not hung up or on the walls. Some picture isn't hung on the walls. He's trying to show Feda something,—something that looks like a long stick. (Feda waves her hand vaguely.)

[Now as a matter of fact, there had been a trivial picture that used to be at his grandmother's house, Newcastle-under-Lyme, of a girl in a cloak and hat putting a note on the end of a long stick into a hole in a tree.

M. F. A. L. thought she had left it at Newcastle to be sold with other rubbish, but one like it had turned up at Mariemont. The boys say that Raymond had bought it in New Street, Birmingham, for 5*s*., and had hung it up on the upper dormitory wall. M. F. A. L. not knowing this, had gone up one day after Raymond's departure, and, seeing it there, had taken it out of its frame and put another picture in.

It appears as if it were this picture of the girl with a stick that Raymond is now thinking of, and missing, and was trying to report that he found it changed.—O. J. L. *August*, 1916.]

[Note (added later, *March*, 1922).—This picture, which had in 1916 again disappeared, has been just found at Worthing having been taken there by "woodie"; and it turns out to be the identical picture which used to be at Newcastle—as we can tell by a name on it. It is now at Normanton, in the laboratory.]

I then asked him if he wanted to say anything more about the top floor, and what he called it.

Yes, he says it's specially familiar.

(Feda whispering:—Dawnatry, daw, daw.)

He keeps saying daw-something. Dormouse. No, that isn't right, he says. He says dormitory,—that means a young dormouse.

(Here the family gave an amused shout. Feda was rather taken aback, and said :—)

He's teasing Feda. He says that when the young mouse is on the top, they call it an upper-class one. That's a riddle.

NOTE BY O. J. L.

[The attic room, where Raymond and two other boys used to sleep, is known in the family as the Upper Dormitory. And the roundabout attempts to make Feda say ' dormitory ' and 'upper ' are amusing. But, evidentially considered, the episode is a little spoilt by the fact that Alec and Noël, at their recent sitting in London, had said something to Raymond about the ' Upper Dormitory '.—O. J. L.]

He says the dormouse is a steerage passenger. He's teasing.

[This was not understood at the time, but later Lady Lodge reminded me, what I knew quite well, that an adjacent part of the top floor is called by the family, ' the ship '. For to go to the upper dormitory you pass alongside an interior wood-panelled dome-arrangement, with ground-glass window, giving borrowed light to the upper part of the back hall, which comes up through the other floors to the roof, leaving a passage all round it at the level of the upper dormitory ; and this has been likened, by the family, to the passages among the cabins in a liner, and is always called ' the ship '. Hence the upper dormitory may be considered the fore part, or steerage, of the ship.—O. J. L. *August*, 1916.]

To make clear the next little episode, I must explain that Sir Herbert Tree, when on one of his professional visits to Birmingham, used occasionally to drop in to lunch at Mariemont, where he was heartily welcomed, especially by Raymond, and where he used to tell a series of stories in his own inimitable way. Raymond was rather fond of imitating some of his stage mannerisms, for the amusement of the family

after they had visited the theatre; so his gesture in what follows was instantly appreciated.

Feda reported :—

'He seems doing something special. He's got on here, to-day, a suit which is a dark one; very dark blue. He looks awful smart. And he's here, standing up a bit. His hair looks shiny-looking, nice and shiny.

M. F. A. L.—Yes, he would look nice.

Yes, and he does like this (imitating Sir H. Tree with the hand-sweep over the forehead), and says, (languidly), Why was I born so beautiful?

(Here the family laughed. At which Raymond bowed round to the group, and said :—)

Thank you very much!

He put that suit on specially. He does look nice. He wants you to know he's just like himself,—not a scrap different. He's just the same. He would rather you would realize that then anything; anything, he said. He's looking serious about it too. The only difference is that he doesn't eat, doesn't bother about it at all, doesn't take any interest in it.

He's been yachting, that's why he's got the blue suit on.'

[After the imitation of Mr. Tree, at which the family laughed, Raymond expressed his thanks to them exactly as he used to. As a minor point it is excessively characteristic. Raymond's mother says it conveyed 'Raymond' to her intensely.—O. J. L, *August*, 1916.]

An amusing episode followed about a steering-wheel which Raymond had made for a run-about car and which was handed to Feda. But space forbids its inclusion here.

On Monday evening Raymond said again that he wanted to go up to the attics and have a sitting there. The records of what he said about it runs thus :—

Raymond says he wants you all, and Feda, to go to the dormouse. He says, sit on the dormouse. It's all right about the medium, Feda says so ; though he was afraid the dormouse would be a bit draughty, somewhat chilly, he thinks.

ALEC.—He described something that's up there last night, can he describe it any better ? He only said something that goes round.

(Feda.) He says something goes round, but not always the same way.

ALEC.—Whereabouts is it ?

The dormouse can see it. The dormouse feasts its eyes on it, and sings a song to it :—*Oh, winds that blow from the South*. When they blow from the North, the dormouse looks the other way. (Feda, *sotto voce*.—That's nonsense.)

L. L.—No, that's all right.

If you took it away, the dormouse would feel lost.

FAMILY.—Tell him we know what he means.

Do you ? It's surprising ! He's going like that with his arms. You're all beginning to wake up.

Feda :—It must be a funny dormouse ! He's going, good-bye !

[The weather-vane on the stables is visible and not far away from two of the ' upper dormitory ' windows. Mrs. Leonard, of course, had not been there, or on that floor at all.]

On Tuesday we decided to go up to the top floor, to which Mrs. Leonard till now had had no access, and the record runs thus :—

(After tea, soon after six o'clock, all of the family who were at Mariemont at the time went into the upper dormitory, and pulled down blinds and drew curtains. There is a little inner room, called ' the Sulky ', which Raymond used as a study sometimes. When they were ready, I went down and brought up Mrs. Leonard. She sat with her back towards this little inner room, the door of which was open. When Feda arrived, she kept

turning round and putting out her hand towards the inner room, saying :—)

What are you doing there ? Don't stay there, come out and talk. He's in there ; it's no good his staying there, is it ? What are you doing ? Come out ! He says he's attending to the dormouse. He's doing something there,—fiddling about with things. He says he used to be in there. [He did work and make engineering drawings there sometimes.—O. J. L.]

He's trying to feel something on the wall. Tell Feda what it is you want ?

[One of the boys had hitched up the steering-wheel, already referred to, on a nail in the wall, over a framed certificate of Raymond, rather high up.—O. J. L.]

It isn't really a picture he wants, but if he can get a picture, he can get the thing he wants. He can't reach it, he says. You had better get it for him and give it him.

O. J. L.—Is it a square thing ? [Purposely misleading.]

He says, Father, your eyesight hasn't improved ! Three legs, he says.

[The wheel has three curved spokes, suggesting the three legs of the Isle of Man to O. J. L.]

Somewhat rotatory, he says. A rotund figure. (Feda, *sotto voce*.—What is it ? It must be a beetle.) He says you (i.e. the family), know very well what it is.

FAMILY.—Yes, we do. Shall we get it down ?

He says no, he doesn't want it now. He says the grapes are turned too sweet. (On which Feda commented :—)

He does talk nonsense,—he's been making a lot of fuss about it, and then he doesn't want it !

This small episode is instructive as showing what they mean when they say they ' want ' trivial things with which they had some association. It is done merely to show that they are

themselves, and retain their memories, in spite of having left their bodies. He went on to mention a number of things that had been up in his bedroom in his time; but for brevity I will only specify that he asked for the picture of a boat (which was not there now, but which had been there in his time), and made a reference to his habit of exposing photographic prints out of a certain window and on the roof; and also to the fact that the stable wind-vane (which he now referred to as the dormouse's plaything) was visible out of another window (now curtained, and never looked out of by Mrs. Leonard). Then came an attempt at personal control by Raymond, which though not very successful may be interesting,—especially some of Feda's remarks about such attempts. The record runs thus:—

O. J. L.—Is Raymond there now? Does he think he can get through?

He doesn't know, but Feda would like him to try From what Paul says, he will pop through when he least expects it.

O. J. L.—Paul seems to get through all right.

[i.e. at Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy's house. For I am told that when Mrs. Leonard is there he often controls; mostly with only gesture, though these are often of an evidential kind.—O. J. L. 1916.]

Yes, now and then, but he can't say much when he does get through. He says he can't remember things. The more he feels physically, the less he can bring his brain into the work. The closer he gets into physical touch, the more he loses the (indicating head, and meaning 'intelligent') part of it. That's why, when he was talking through old Mrs. ———, he used to talk like what she thought he ought to say,—Sunday School stuff. That's what they do when they haven't got proper hold.

Feda knows when she's got hold of what *she* (indicating the medium) thinks about. But people who don't know how to control have to use what they find

here. [i.e. the medium's brain deposit.] Then they are what that nasty doctor called Feda :—he said Feda was a ' phase of the medium's subjective mind '. That's a horrible name to call Feda ! ' Phase of subjective mind ! ' It wasn't swearing, but it's as bad ! (Pause).

FEDA.—It *would* be nice if he could get through. There's a lot of power.

[It must be understood that though Feda often reports in the first person a really direct complete control by Raymond is rare, and when it occurs is seldom of a strictly evidential character except in so far as its occurrence is referred to through another medium afterwards.]

Then there was silence for a long time, and twitches, and futile attempts at utterance. Then his mother's hand was seized and squeezed so as to hurt.

Then my hand was seized with the other hand, and shaken violently and continuously for quite a long time.

Disjointed words were said, and the medium began to weep a little. The words ' Raymond ', and ' Mother ', were uttered, but with difficulty and repetition.

His mother welcomed him eagerly, and told him that he mustn't mind, that they were so glad he had been able to get through at all.

He said :—

I'm not unhappy, only excited.
(Then he shouted in a loud voice :—)
Father.
(And presently Lionel said :—)
Pat.
(Offering him a hand.)

(The hand was seized with vigour, and another loud shout was given.

Then Alec, Norah, and Honor just touched his hand, and he said :—)

Going.

[All this took some time, though the record is brief.]

(Presently the hands dropped limp on the medium's lap. Feda didn't return, and the medium came back to consciousness gradually. As she was coming back she wiped her eyes and said :—)

I feel different from usual.

(Afterwards, we took her for a blow on the roof, and then out in the garden. She seemed none the worse, but everybody was a little exhausted. She told me next day that she had had a perfectly quiet night, and had not seen anything nor heard any raps,—for the first time since she had been here.—O. J. L.)

Some months later we were told of two ladies who had remarkable mediumistic power, and who sometimes allowed an anonymous stranger to come, if ' introduced ' (so to speak) by one of their friends.

Through the kindness of a friend Lady Lodge was enabled to go, quite anonymously, to the house of these ladies in London, on September 21, 1916 ; and there, on that first occasion, received some remarkably evidential communications. The ' controls ' recognized her at once, and quite early in the sitting gave her name away, though she asked them not to do so as soon as she realized that they seemed likely to. The ladies were much surprised at her identity ; they had rather guessed (quite wrongly) that she might be the sister of the introducing friend. The only portion which I will quote from this sitting,—at which the messages are spelt out letter by letter in curious fashion by very rapid tilts of a small table,—is something so obviously unknown to the mediums, even supposing that they had previously had any clue to identity, that it is perfect as evidence of some kind of supernormal power, even though it may be (as I think mistakenly) attributed to disguised telepathy from the sitter. The sitter was not touching the table or assisting communication in any way. No one was touching the table except one of the ladies, both of whom were

at that time complete strangers. Raymond was ostensibly communicating at this part of the sitting, and was clearly taking pains to give something evidential at this first and therefore favourable occasion.

He therefore said :—

How is Harry ?

M. F. A. L.—I don't know any Harry.

Oh, Mother ! Never mind, you will remember later.

M. F. A. L.—Is it a relation ?

No.

(Here a glimmer entered my mind. We have a maid, Harrison, who has been with us about twenty-four years, and the children sometimes called her ' Harrie '.—M. F. A. L.)

M. F. A. L.—Is it a ' he ' ?

No.

M. F. A. L.—A ' she ' ?

Yes.

M. F. A. L.—Oh, then, you must give me a message for her, one that she will understand.

Tell her I don't need any sewing done for me now.

(Harrison did the boys' mending. There had been one pair of tennis trousers which had been a joke in the family from the glaring nature of a patch on them.—M. F. A. L.)

Mother, I am myself. Love to you all. Buck up, Mother.—R. L.

Other controls then supervened, and a really remarkable piece of evidence was given, by a comparative stranger on the other side, which needed a good deal of subsequent trouble and investigation at the seat of war to verify. But as it does not concern Raymond I do not report it here ; save to say that it referred to a kit bag belonging to a killed Officer, and that trouble to an important family was avoided by the precise information given as to its regrettable contents.

In 1917 all I shall report is an incident in a direct-voice sitting in January, with Mrs. Roberts Johnson, the so-called 'trumpet' medium; because of a subsequent reference to it, of an evidential or cross-correspondence character, through another medium.

The sitting was in a private house near Birmingham, a doctor's, and several people were present. I did not go, but Raymond's mother and sister Honor went to see if anything came. They were supposed to be anonymous to the medium, who had not met them before.

In my daughter's report—she being somewhat of a sensitive—the following occurs:—

> I could soon feel great waves of vibration—almost as if one were on the sea, though no one was stamping,—going through the floor right under my chair, and soon the whole circle felt these; also a breath of cold air, which likewise seemed to go round the entire circle.
>
> The rest of the people at this sitting were friends of Dr. ——'s, who is an investigator, and doesn't fully believe in the trumpet.
>
> After we had been singing for some time, a deep Scotch voice came very suddenly out of the trumpet, or at least from the neighbourhood of the trumpet, saying:—
>
> 'Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen.'
>
> This was said to be the chief trumpet-control, David Duguid.
>
> We continued to sing; then came the voice again, saying:—
>
> 'You are going on all right.'
>
> There was then an argument as to what he had said, when suddenly the voice shouted:—
>
> 'I say you are going on all right.'
>
> The trumpet then started going round, stroking some people; and some said they were touched with hands, or had their arms linked, as if by another arm. Soon the trumpet came over to us, and Mrs. Johnson said she could see quite a young man, in khaki, standing

in front of me, holding a pad and pencil. The trumpet then said gently to us :—

'*Ray* mnd. *Ray* mnd.' (The second syllable indistinct unless one had known it.)

'I'm here.'

We spoke to him without repeating the name, and asked him if he had a message for us.

'Tell Father I've been.'

This was all very low, but we both recognized the tone of Raymond's voice absolutely, though we were not quite sure what he had said last ; so we asked him to repeat the last sentence, which was then given in a shout which completely spoilt the voice, as the vibrations of the trumpet came with it. This naturally rather upset Mother ; so Raymond said :—

'Don't fret Mother, I'm all right.'

Then Mother said,—'Do you know beforehand, when you are coming to us ? '

'Of course. I'm always with you.'

The trumpet stroked both Mother and me. Mrs. Johnson was saying and repeating most of the time the trumpet was talking :—

'Speak up friend.'

The trumpet then went back to the centre of the room, and other people got some messages, and the trumpet sometimes joined in with the singing. Towards the end there were some lights floating round on the ceiling and walls, something like stars ; also there had been knocks in the corner of the room, to which nobody paid any attention.

So far for the record of this direct-voice sitting, the date of which was the 23rd of January, 1917. A very clear reference to this episode occurred through Mrs. Leonard three weeks later, on the 12th of February, when Feda said to me and to Raymond's mother—referring to the family in general :—

He says he has been trying to speak to them. He says, I've been trying to speak through—not through

a table, not spelling, but talking to them properly. I was a little disappointed.

O. J. L.—Why, because you couldn't get through? [We did not know to what he was referring.]

Yes. But I was there. I was there, but I was a little disappointed because I couldn't get hold of the power, felt as if I couldn't manage things properly. But I hope I can do better another time. Somebody was there and spoke to me, but I couldn't see clearly, there was a sort of fog round. Somebody tried to help me too much, somebody I didn't know.

He's showing Feda a sitting-room, not a room in your house, some other room. It wasn't yesterday or to-day. He thinks several people were there, not just you alone, he's going back a little.

(M. F. A. L. now realized what he was referring to, and said:—)

M. F. A. L.—Who was there?

You were there, Miss Olive,[1] and a lady was with you. Not his father, he couldn't see clearly who it was, but there was somebody else as well as you, and he tried to talk.

M. F. A. L.—Tell him I heard his voice.

He's glad of that. But he was rather disappointed at the time, for he couldn't get the power and keep it. He got it, and then it dissipated. He couldn't think of tests while he was there. He's keen on tests, and had saved some to say, but he couldn't say them. He could say nothing but generalities. He says he touched you too, he thinks he touched you twice.

M. F. A. L.—Yes, that's quite right.

It was a pleasure to him. He wants to know, did the voice sound like mine, Mother? Somebody was helping me too much. Somebody on the other side, he says [i.e. on our side], was trying to help him. They tried to make him raise his voice, and when he did that, he got a funny sound, something he couldn't

[1] Feda had invented this name for Raymond's mother at an early sitting, and she still adheres to it.

recognize. And it disappointed him rather. He thought he did better when he talked more gently. [Quite true.] He felt inclined to say ' ah weel '.

M. F. A. L.—That's good !

[This was said because one of the managing controls at Mrs. Roberts Johnson's is David Duguid, who talks broad Scotch.]
(Then Raymond is reported in the first person.)

Yes, I felt like saying ' ah weel ', but fortunately I was able to refrain. Mother, I got very near it.

M. F. A. L.—Yes, I heard, I heard the voice, and recognized it as yours.

Yes, the intonation was better when it was low. They tried to help, and it disconcerted me.

(Note by O. J. L.—As reported above, Honor told me that Mrs. Roberts Johnson kept saying, ' speak up, friend, speak up '.)

I think you will have another chance soon ; do try. There, I wanted to speak about this, perhaps I ought to have said something about it before.

M. F. A. L.—Who was there with me ? (Pause.)

(Feda, to Raymond :—Don't you know ?)

R.—To tell the truth I couldn't see properly. I thought it was one of the girls with you, I sensed some one else I felt I ought to know, one of the family ; but it was only sensing, I couldn't see them.

Did you hear me do a little dance, a little bumpety-bump ?

(Feda—) He did.

M. F. A. L.—No, we didn't hear that.

He did it on the floor with something metal.

M. F. A. L.—Probably we thought it was one of the other sitters.

No, he was doing that. Like this :—one, two, three. (Tapping).

[Honor tells me that the trumpet did tap on the floor in front of them, much as he says.—O. J. L.]

M. F. A. L.—Yes, I heard that.

Note by O. J. L.

The general confirmation thus received makes for the genuineness of the above direct-voice sitting, with another medium, unless we chose to make the gratuitous, and under all the circumstances rather stupid, hypothesis of collusion.

In the beginning of 1920, I went to America, and while there saw one or two amateur mediums, to whom Raymond referred through Feda (June 3, 1920), after we had returned to England. And some remarks of Raymond's on trumpet or direct-voice mediumship are rather instructive. The following is an abridgement of what he said. He was asked if he had spoken through a man with a queer mode of speech; and he replied:—

> 'Yes, I did say something, but I didn't like it very much. I didn't use his tongue, I used his larynx without his tongue, and without his lips. It was like uncorking something and leaving it open. I am very interested in him, and if I knew him better I might like him. It was a strong kind of mediumship, and I wanted to say something very evidential through him, but other people were there, so I couldn't speak about the things I wanted to. I felt very much *there*. I wanted to touch you. The man has great power. He's thought of paying a visit to England.'

Note

Lady Lodge's normal record of the incident in America, here clearly referred to, runs as follows:—

[I first saw Mr. —— (the author), at dinner at Mrs. de Koven's house. I was much interested to meet a rather famous writer of whom I had heard for so many years. He was quite different-looking from what I had expected, but I liked his face very much both in feature and expression. We talked at dinner on ordinary subjects, but afterwards,

though there were three other people present, he told me of an extraordinary experience which had changed his life almost as much as St. Paul's experience had changed his; and which has left him with some psychic power and auto-speech. I asked him to give me an example of this if he could. We were sitting a little apart from the three other people present, though within their hearing, and he very kindly let himself go.

He just let his mouth stay open, and, without using lips or tongue, a voice came through him, and I felt certain Raymond spoke. I did not take it down, and it was nothing clearly evidential, but it was just the kind of thing Raymond is accustomed to say to me, and was said in the way he says it.—M. F. A. L.]

At the Feda sitting now being reported (the 3rd June, 1920, at East Barnet) which this note has usefully interrupted—and which should be re-read in view of the verifying evidence just given,—Raymond, after a little talk on other subjects, added the following :—

> 'Now to go back to the man who opened his mouth. It was very much the same kind of thing as trumpet-mediumship. Both have the same source. In trumpet-mediumship the voice, though seemingly independent of the medium, is connected in some way with the throat and larynx of the medium. And that's why tones of the medium's voice come in, and why it is so often coloured by the medium. It is not really independent. I've got tired of it lately.'

He then referred briefly, though in an evidential manner, to a short hurried sitting which I had had with Mrs. Wriedt while in Detroit, and went on to other topics.

The following from Mr. Myers, as reported by Feda, was received March 24, 1917, and may be regarded as rather instructive.

O. J. L.—I say Myers, can't you get some of my scientific friends to send something through, something new and important. Hitherto it has only been classical people that have sent good things, but why not scientific too ?

M.—The scientific people, I fear, find it more difficult (he's smiling when he says this) to communicate freely or forcibly, through the extremely limited methods at present in our hands, than those who had developed their faculties in other ways.

FEDA.—Raymond says, that will be all right for you, Father. The gentleman [i.e. Mr. Myers] says, I expect you can appreciate that difficulty.

O. J. L.—Yes, certainly I can.

M.—It's more difficult to get hard facts through, than poetical and simpler or literary utterances. Those appear to come freely, like riding on the top of a wave (moving hand sinuously). But to hammer hard scientific facts through, I fear, would be difficult ; and if we start, we ought to devise new means or methods . . . (Feda can't get that.) Well, I'll put it more simply. We may have to devise some means, or a code, for understanding each other. So that it can be given through mediums to whom the scientific terms would present great difficulties. Taking the brains of a medium as a sieve, few have sieves such that we can put through it particles too large for the mesh. The medium would not absorb and transmit without great difficulty.

O. J. L.—Yes, but when the sitter is a trained person, he can often interpret a hint.

M.—Yes, that's my meaning [i.e. in suggesting a sort of code], and I quite hope to be able to get something of the kind through to you.

Also this from Raymond about errors in communication.

R.—I wonder, I don't know how to put this, Father and Mother, you may not quite understand, but I want

to ask about the messages. Aren't there a good many perplexities and contradictions in them? I've found it out. I don't know whether you saw it so plainly before. There was an occasion—two occasions—in connexion with me personally, in which you, Father, might have been shaken had you been other than you are. Mother knows all this too, think it over.

One of these contradictions and perplexities occurred at a distance, the other one nearer home.

O. J. L.—I have had messages sent me purporting to come from you, but I considered they were not.

R.—On two occasions specially have I involved you in conditions which must have sorely tried your patience if not your faith.

M. F. A. L.—I got one calling me 'Angel Mother', which I knew was not you.

R.—That isn't much to go by. Don't take exception to a mere term.

[For brevity I paraphrase the rest of what he said on this point.]

Other conditions may not have been right. A medium's guides often impress themselves, and then there's a mixture. Even when I'm there, they get mixed in. I've been trying new ways of getting through;—speaking is one, but the voice is not like mine; I haven't got a double-bass voice, and yet there are tones of mine in it. I could do better if they would let me alone. The guides are too kind. I don't speak American, do I?

M. F. A. L.—No, I know you wouldn't put things in that way.

R.—I see you sometimes. When there's a good deal of power I get the physical in sight. Dark seems to help me to see.

I also occasionally go to sittings when some one is present who has been impressed by our book,—I usually call it my book, but I'll stretch a point and call it 'our'. When I know that, and their thoughts reach me, I go and send a little word to them.

One rather interesting minor thing occurred in September, 1916, before the book had appeared.

Speaking to Raymond I asked if he remembered a certain name, giving no other clue. He immediately said yes, and mentioned a soldier of this name, who had been a servant of his, and his peculiarities. (p. 11.) He said further that he hoped the man hadn't been a nuisance, and that he wouldn't be a bother, but that he had given him some money and thought he was now all right. As a matter of fact the man named had recently called on me, and I had given him a certain sum out of Raymond's money, as 'from Raymond'. I did not expect that Raymond would know about it, but he did, and specified the man very clearly. The number of incidents that show his awareness of what the family is doing, and of their illnesses and difficulties and successes, their anxieties and joys and sorrows, is legion. I must just make the assertion that he frequently shows how closely he continues in touch with us, and leave it there.

Finally, I will take a non-evidential passage or two from communications received in 1918.

He chaffed his mother about a mistake of a day in what was evidently meant for his memorial tablet which had been put up in St. George's Church, Edgbaston; saying, through Feda, that a Wednesday had been put for a Tuesday [which was true—so that the day of the month does not correspond with the day of the week], that it didn't worry him, he was rather amused; but, said he:—

> 'You can't eradicate it. The mistake has been made, and will have to stand for ever. It's like the record of a mistake. You will understand, he says, and he's laughing at it.'

[A photograph of this memorial tablet faces this page, and the erroneous day of the week can be noticed.]

At the same sitting, which was with Mrs. Leonard, at Datchet, on April 21, 1918, after speaking about several people for evidential reasons, he gave another of those un-

Remember RAYMOND LODGE, Sec. Lieutenant
2nd South Lancashire Regiment, beloved son of
SIR OLIVER and LADY LODGE of this parish
who gave his life for his Country.
He was born Jan^y 25 1889, and was killed in
action in Flanders about noon on Wednesday
Sept^r 14 in the year of Our Lord 1915
aged 26 years.
Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate
How should he die?

MEMORIAL TABLET

'His strong young body is laid under some trees on the road from Ypres to Menin.' [From the Memorial Card sent to friends.]

verifiable descriptions of things on the other side, about which we hadn't heard so much lately. His mother had taken a stenographer with her, so the record of what Feda reported him as saying is more complete than usual; and with that I will conclude this over-long chapter.

Here is the record, for what it may be worth, of this portion of a long sitting in which he had talked usefully about many people, until his mother interrupted and said:—

M. F. A. L.—Raymond, tell me something about your life.

(Feda, *sotto voce*.—Never mind talking about these people.) He likes talking about them, because he still enjoys finding things you can verify.

M. F. A. L.—I thought he didn't like test questions.

FEDA.—It's most necessary, though he always does want to talk about his life over there; but he knows it's good for other people that you should have something like that through.

He's been, wait a minute, he's been learning a great deal lately, Miss Olive, learning. He's learnt so much that it's given him a kind of zest for learning.

M. F. A. L.—Does he learn from books?

FEDA.—No, more at lectures; and then they give demonstrations afterwards.

What he likes more than anything is going to the different spheres. He does like that. And you remember his telling you once about an experience he had had?

M. F. A. L.—Yes. [See Chap. XVI.]

FEDA.—He's been there many times since. Many, many, many, times.

M. F. A. L.—Does he get there more easily now?

FEDA.—This is what Raymond says:—I told you the first time I couldn't collect my thoughts at all. The second time was better, and I felt I had more command over myself. I knew more what to expect. But strangely enough, the third time I had become rather too confident, and I felt almost as bad as the first time. To go there, one must be prepared, and almost hold one

self in a state of awe, and not feel too confident in one's ability to stand things. I received such a lot of teaching there. Teaching. (Then Feda went on :—)

He says he's learnt so much, he couldn't find words to tell you about it through a medium. It's made everything on the earth plane, about religion, right and wrong, and choosing between right and wrong, clear, made it all so clear. He often thinks if he could come back, he could fly through life. And, he believes, if only people would go within themselves more, just now and again, that they could reach out and get a good deal of what he has learnt. But when they want to do things on the earth plane, they don't wish to go within themselves, because they are so afraid of reaching a decision against what they wish to do. That is the reason people can't choose between right and wrong.

He's met a lot of friends of his that have been to the same sphere, and it's wonderful how they look at it from different points of view. Some think one thing, some another. He says he's quite sure that when He speaks to them, it is as Raymond thought at first, He doesn't speak in words to them, but soul to soul, or mind to mind. If it were words, why should a thousand of us all get a different message at once ? But it must be His Soul and Mind so wonderfully developed.

He says, I know people try to prove that there are other great teachers ; and there may have been ; but when you get into the spirit world, you will understand why there is no one like Him, no one.

He was taken one day to the,—he might say, he doesn't know how to put this into words because he doesn't think any words could picture it,—

You remember how he told you that he went up through the spheres and got to the seventh sphere. How he told you he went up an opening through the fourth and fifth and sixth spheres, and how different the atmosphere was on the seventh, and how at first

he couldn't stand it. As if he wasn't sure of himself, lost command over himself. He's heard people on the earth plane speak about getting into a different dimension. Well, it almost felt like that, as if everything was upside down.

(Feda continued :—)

A little while ago, before the last sitting with SOliver,—but he didn't say anything about it because he's never quite sure if he can explain it,—he asked, If that was the seventh sphere, what is there beyond it ? And they told him ' God only '. And he said, What do you mean by ' God only ' ? You see, he says, I wanted to know wasn't Jesus God, or what we might call the embodiment of God. And they said, As you you were taught on the earth plane, he is the Son of God, and the Spirit of God is within Him ; not all God, but such of God as he can contain. That is why He called Himself Son of God, not God Himself. (Raymond goes on :—) I wanted to get the psychical sense of it, I was so anxious to ; and they told me I could not go immediately, but must attend special lectures before I could go to see. Very few could go, they said.

But when I went to the lectures on my own sphere, I found that certain material knowledge, and mechanical things, that I had taken an interest in when here, helped me to understand what I was going to to see outside the spheres. The boys will understand one part of this and not the other.

So they took me past the seventh sphere, next time. They didn't stop at the seventh sphere, they went on, as if still going up the opening, and told me to concentrate, and to think of myself as a mind, not even as a spirit body. To try to do that. And the more I tried to do it, the easier it became to think of myself almost as a germ.

Why can't I be myself ? I asked.

They said, ' No, don't ask questions, think of yourself as something small. Mind only, power of perception only.' In fact they said I was to try and think of myself as an egg ! I don't know why an egg came easier, but directly I did that, I began to feel that flight, movement, was easier. And I got on to the—I don't know what to call it—I got on to what might be called a corner, such a corner as Land's End is in England. Yes, a corner, like Land's End is to England. Now it's no wonder that they told me to think of myself as small, because I felt it was a wonder that I wasn't blown north, south, east, and west, at once. The air seemed as if it was nothing more or less than electric rivers, as if I were in a river. A river of electricity or force, going all ways at once. One second it flowed going that way, the next that way.

My feelings were extraordinary ; it didn't worry me, but again I got that great clarity of vision that I told you I had before, on the seventh, in the presence of Jesus. This was in the presence of Something that my mind could not grip, but my soul saw and understood that I was in the presence of Infinity. It had no form, It had no size, It was neither hot nor cold. There was nothing that our finite minds can grasp. I knew It, while there, but not now.

A guide was with me,—I don't know if I told you that,—and the guide said, ' Keep small ' ; and I knew that I had to contract again.

I didn't say to him, What is this force ? but he kept understanding questions without my asking them.

He said,—' You are in the presence of the Infinite. What you feel is the Life-force that goes from God through all the spheres, and feeds the earth plane. Without this, there would not be a person physically alive on the face of the globe. Not an animal, plant, or flower, without this Force that you can feel now.'

I felt,—not disappointed,—but I wished It was something I could define, some shape.

The guide said,—' Don't you understand that things

only take finite shape on the earth plane, so that your finite minds can grasp a little bit of what belongs to this ; and perhaps, in time to come, much more of it will be in you. But it's something beyond yourself. It's the Infinite. Therefore you can't grasp it.'

My mind didn't grasp it, but my soul did, and the guide said to me, without my asking,—' Your soul grasps it because your soul belongs to it. It is only with your soul that you can understand this. The mind need not worry about shapes and forms ; let your soul grow up to it, and your mind will follow by degrees.'

Oh, I can't tell you !

M. F. A. L.—Is that Power all-powerful ? Is there no evil fighting it ?

R.—Not there.

Mother, we all know here, any intelligent spirit knows, that the only evil is on the earth plane, and on the lower planes, the astral ones.

The Infinite Good is fighting evil on the earth plane, and on the astral. And the Infinite Good must conquer. Evil persists on the earth plane because it belongs there. It is the lower physical selves of man who have created this evil, and the more their souls become uppermost in their make-up, the more they will help themselves. This Force is to assist them. It is going to conquer, but it would not be right for it to crush evil by a miracle. Man couldn't learn. If man doesn't see the fight, he won't see the importance of developing the Good in the physical.

That is the reason the War has been going on so long. If it had stopped after a few months, man would have been ready for evil again,—England would have been ready again in two years,—any country would have been.

England has learnt a spiritual lesson that she will never forget. Father knows, and will know more. You and I and Father could not have done what we have done if it had not been for the war. The war

is a lever that is prising open the door between the two worlds, battering down the evil and letting in the good. It seems awful, but if you only saw what I have seen, you would know that evil is only a little spot on a great white surface.

FEDA.—He's losing the power.

That's only one of the things; he's learnt a lot about it. He wouldn't say he would be often able to go, but he is taught a lot about that Force and about how it is employed. It is just as real a force as electricity, tell Father.

CHAPTER XX

EXPLANATIONS AND REPLIES

I PROPOSE to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by a new edition to make a short explanation or commentary, which may incidentally meet some of the objections raised by the more reasonable type of critic—namely the critic who is willing to devote some time and attention to a book in order to arrive at its real meaning.

The main object of a book like this is to help to bring comfort to bereaved persons, especially to those who have been bereaved by war. I do not indeed recommend all sorts of people to visit mediums or try to investigate the subject for themselves. If they do, it must be on their own responsibility. When sane people, actuated by sound and good motives and in a reasonable spirit, desire to gain first-hand experience, in the hope of thereby mitigating their sorrow, it is natural to do our best to help them; but it is unwise to take the responsibility of urging such a course upon an unknown stranger. And some should be dissuaded. Nevertheless, a considerable number of bereaved people have been helped; among them many who knew nothing of the subject beforehand. People in genuine distress have gone with careful recommendation and instructions to a reputable medium, quite anonymously, and have got into touch unmistakably with their departed. This has happened in numerous and some noteworthy cases. The result has been a considerable addition to the bulk of cumulative evidence in favour of the genuineness of the phenomenon, and incidentally of the power of mediums who normally knew nothing whatever about their visitors, but who in

trance gave many intimate family details. It is absurd to suppose that people who had never been to a medium of any kind were recognized; still more absurd to suppose that every anonymous stranger is personally known and has been looked up beforehand.

The best mediums are simple, straightforward people, anxious to do the best they can with their strange gift for the help of people in sorrow. Occasionally individuals may be encountered who pretend to powers which they do not possess, or who eke out their waning power by fraud; but in so far as these imitators are fraudulent they are not genuine mediums. If inexperienced novices go to charlatans who advertise by sandwich-men and other devices, they deserve what they get.

On the other hand, I have not usually found bereaved people too ready to be convinced. Some are; some are foolish enough to give things away in a careless manner; but as a rule it is a mistake to suppose that people who are really seeking for evidence are ready to be misled. They are often quite critical, and reasonably cautious. Their anxiety sometimes makes them even excessively anxious not to be deceived in so vitally important a matter. And even after they have had quite good evidence, they sometimes go back on it—very naturally—and become sceptical again. Many years of experience were needed in my own case before I was ready to admit the cumulative outcome of the whole body of evidence as finally conclusive.

Concerning the particular case of my son Raymond, I have had many further talks with him, but the stress and anxiety to communicate has subsided. The wish to give scientific evidence remains, but, now that the fact of survival and happy employment is established, the communications are placid—like an occasional letter home. He has, however, been successful in bringing to their parents a number of youths whom he knew before death, and the weight of evidence has accordingly heavily increased.

I hope that in time, when the possibility is recognized and taken under the wing of religion, that people will not

need individual and specific messages to assure them of the well-being of their loved ones. They will, I hope, be able to feel assured that what has been proved true of a few must be true of all, under the same general circumstances. Moreover, it is to be hoped that they will be able to receive help and comfort and a sense of communion through their own powers, in peaceful times, without strain or special effort and without vicarious mediation.

The power or, sensitiveness, or whatever it ought to be called, seems to be a good deal commoner than people think. I anticipate that in most families there will be found one member who may be able to help others to some knowledge in this direction. Elaborate proof is necessary at first, as it has been in connexion with many now recognized and familiar things,—such as the position of the earth in the solar system,—but when once a fact or doctrine is generally accepted, people settle down in acceptance and enjoyment of the general belief, without each striving after exceptional experience for himself. The inertia of the human mind and of the body-politic is considerable: right beliefs take time to enter, and wrong beliefs take time to disappear; but periods of anxiety and doubt and controversy do not last as a permanent condition. They represent a phase through which we have to go.

CLERICAL OBJECTIONS

One difficulty which good people feel, about allowing themselves to take comfort from the evidence, is the attitude of the Church to it, and the fear that we are encroaching on dangerous and forbidden ground. I have no wish to shirk the ecclesiastical point of view: it is indeed important, for the Church has great influence. But I must claim that Science can pay no attention to ecclesiastical notice-boards; we must examine wherever we can, and I do not agree that any region of inquiry can legitimately be barred out by authority.

Occasionally the accusation is made that the phenomena we encounter are the work of devils; and we are challenged

to say how we know that they are not of evil character. To that the only answer is the ancient one—" by their fruits ". I will not elaborate it: St. Paul gave a long list of the fruit of the Spirit in *Galatians* v. 22–23. Yet I do not mean to say that no precautions need be taken, and that everything connected with the subject is wholly good: I do not regard as wholly good any activity of man. Even the pursuit of Science can be prostituted to evil; as we see now only too clearly in the war. Everything human can be used and can be abused. I have to speak in platitudes to answer these objections; they are often quite unworthy of the sacred name of religion; they savour of professionalism. Chief Priests were always ready to attribute anything done without their sanction to the power of Beelzebub. The Bishop of Beauvais denounced Joan of Arc's voices as diabolic. It is a very ancient accusation. In the light of historical instances, it is an over-flattering one: I wish to give no other answer.

OBJECTIONS RAISED ABOUT THE SUBSTANCE OF THE COMMUNICATIONS

Concerning the substance of the communications received from the other side, perhaps the most difficult portion is the account given of the similarity of the conditions as described 'over there' to the conditions existing on the earth; and it is asked, How can that be possible? I reply, In all probability *because of the identity of the observer.* I do not dogmatize on the point, but I conceive that in so ar as people remain themselves, their power of interpretation will be similar to what it used to be here. Hence, in whatever way we interpret a material world here and now, so, in like manner, are we likely to interpret an etherial world —through senses not altogether dissimilar in effect, however they differ in detail.

Surely the external world, as we perceive it, is largely dependent on our powers of perception and interpretation. So is a picture, or any work of art. The thing in itself—whatever that may mean—can hardly be known to us. I

admit it is a difficult proposition,—but the evidence is fairly consistent on this point ever since Swedenborg,—the next world is always represented as surprisingly like this; and though that obviously lends itself to scepticism, I expect it corresponds to some sort of reality. It looks almost as if that world were an etherial counterpart of this: or else as if we were all really in one world all the time, only they see the etherial aspect of it and we see the material. The clue to all this seems to depend on the similarity, or rather the identity, of the observer. A nerve centre interprets or presents to the mind each stimulus in the specific way to which it has become accustomed, whatever the real nature of the stimulus; a blow on the eye, or a pressure on the retina, is interpreted as light; irritation in the auditory nerve is interpreted as sound. So, it may be, we shall be unable to interpret things save in a more or less customary manner.

To come to smaller details. If the accusation has been brought that such things as smoking and drinking are represented as in vogue among the denizens of the other side, that accusation is utterly unjustified and untrue. A statement detached from its context is often misleading. What is revealed in my book, if it has any trustworthy significance, implies clearly and decisively that they do *not* thus occupy their time; nor are any such things natural to their surroundings. Nothing but common sense is needed to understand the position. If there is a community over there, it cannot be a fixed and stationary one, new-comers must be continually arriving. My son is represented as saying that when people first come over, and are in a puzzled state of mind, hardly knowing where they are, they ask for all sorts of unreasonable things; and that the lower kind are still afflicted with the desires of earth. After all, this is really orthodox moral teaching, or I am much mistaken; it is one of the warnings held out to sensual persons that their desires may persist and become part of their punishment. As bearing out this statement, a friend has recently sent me a sentence extracted from Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary*, vol. i, paragraph 333.

> 'The souls of the dead take with them from the body all its nature, insomuch that they still think themselves in the body. They have also desires and appetites of eating and the like; so that those things which belong to the body are inscribed upon the soul. Thus they retain the nature which they take with them from the world; but this, in process of time, is delivered to oblivion.'

The same idea is independently expressed by me in the chapter on the Resurrection of the Body, towards the end of this book. But indeed the slander referred to in the preceding paragraph is so perverse and pernicious as to be essentially wicked. The truth of the position can be quite easily realized, and there is no excuse save stupidity for what must otherwise be purposed misrepresentation, akin to the accusations of devil-worship and necromancy.

Imagine an assembly of clergymen in some Retreat, where they give themselves to meditation and good works; and then imagine a traveller arriving, mistaking their hostel for an hotel, and asking for a whisky and soda. Would that mean that alcoholic drinks were natural to the surroundings and part of the atmosphere of the place? Would not the feeling aroused by the request mean just the contrary? The book says that in order to wean these new-comers from sordid and unsuitable though comparatively innocuous tastes, the policy adopted is not to forbid and withhold—a policy which might over-inflame and prolong the desire—but to take steps to satisfy it in moderation until the new-comers of their own free will and sense perceive the unsuitability, and overcome the relics of earthly craving; which they do very soon.

Whether the statement be accepted as true or not, or as containing some parabolic element of truth, I see nothing derogatory in it; and the process of weaning may be wise.

It must be admitted, however, that games and songs are spoken of, and I have heard it claimed that 'spirits of just men made perfect' ought not to be occupied in any such commonplace ways, even during their times of relaxation. To this I reply that when perfection or saintliness is attained

that may be true: it is not a subject on which I am a judge. Games and exercises are harmless and beneficial here, even for good people; and surely if young fellows remain themselves, games and exercise and songs will not seem alien to them—at any rate not for some time. People seem hardly to realize all that survival with persistent character and personal identity must really involve. It is surely clear that the majority of people, whether in this or in another life, are just average men and women, and neither saints nor devils; and ecclesiastical teaching has greviously erred in leading people to suppose that the act of death converts them into one or the other. Progress and development are conspicuously the law of the Universe. Evolution is always gradual. Youths shot out of the trenches—fine fellows as they are—are not likely to become saints all at once. They cannot be reasonably spoken of as 'just men made perfect'. Let a little common sense into the subject, and remember the continuity of existence and of personal identity. Do not suppose that death converts a person into something quite different. Happier and holier, pleasanter and better, the surroundings may be, than on earth; there is admittedly room for improvement; but sudden perfection is not for the likes of us.

It is, moreover, highly unlikely that the experience of everybody on that side is the same: the few saints of the race may have quite a different experience: the few diabolical ruffians must have a different one again. I have not been in touch with either of these classes. There are many grades, many states of being; and each goes to his own place.

If it is urged by orthodox critics that the penitent thief went to heaven, I reply, Not at all: according to the record he went to Paradise, which is different. A sort of Garden of Eden, apparently, is meant by the word, something not too far removed from earth. As far as I can make out, the ancient writers thought of it as a place or state not very different from what in this book is called 'Summerland'.

Against this it may be urged that Christ Himself could not have stayed, even for a time, at an intermediate or comparatively low stage. But I see no reason to suppose that

He exempted himself from any condition appropriate to a full-bodied humanity. Surely He would carry it through completely. Judging from the Creed, which I suppose clerical critics accept, they appear to hold that Christ even descended at first—descended into Hades or the underworld, doubtless on some high missionary effort. Anyhow and quite clearly the record says that for forty days He remained in touch with earth, presumably in the state called Paradise, occasionally appearing or communicating with survivors,—again after the manner of transitional humanity. And only after that sojourn, for our benefit, did He ascend to some lofty State, far above anything attainable by thieves however penitent, or by our young soldiers however magnificent and self-sacrificing. After æons of progress have elapsed, they may gradually progress thither.

Meanwhile they are happier and more at home in Paradise. There they find themselves still in touch with earth, not really separated from those left behind, still able actively to help and serve. There is nothing supine about the rest and joy into which they have entered. Under the impact of their young energy, strengthened by the love which rises towards them like a blessing, the traditional barrier between the two states is suffering violence, is being taken by force. A band of eager workers is constructing a bridge, opening a way for us across the chasm; communication is already easier and more frequent than ever before; and in the long run we may feel assured that all this present suffering and bereavement will have a beneficent outcome for humanity.

So may it be!

PART III

LIFE AND DEATH

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*

CHAPTER XXI

THE MEANING OF THE TERM DEATH

And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death to wear.—Rossetti

WHATEVER Life may really be, it is to us an abstraction : for the word is a generalized term to signify that which is common to all animals and plants, and which is not directly operative in the inorganic world. To understand life we must study living things, to see what is common to them all. An organism is alive when it moulds matter to a characteristic form, and utilizes energy for its own purposes—the purposes especially of growth and reproduction. A living organism, so far as it is alive, preserves its complicated structure from deterioration and decay.

Death is the cessation of that controlling influence over matter and energy, so that thereafter the uncontrolled activity of physical and chemical forces supervene. Death is not the absence of life merely, the term signifies its departure or separation, the severance of the abstract principle from the concrete residue. The term only truly applies to that which has been living.

Death therefore may be called a dissociation, a dissolution, a separation of a controlling entity from a physico-chemical organism ; it can only be spoken of in general and vague terms as a separation of soul and body if the term ' soul ' is reduced to its lowest denomination when used in connexion with animals and plants.

Death is not extinction. Neither the soul nor the body is extinguished or put out of existence. The body weighs just as much as before ; the only properties it loses at the moment

of death are potential properties. So also all we can assert concerning the vital principle is that it no longer animates that material organism: we cannot safely make further assertion regarding it, or maintain its activity or its inactivity without further information.

The visible shape of the body was no accident, it corresponded to a reality, for it was caused by the indwelling vivifying essence; and affection entwines itself inevitably round not only the true personality of the departed, but round its material vehicle also—the sign and symbol of so much beauty, so much love. Symbols appeal to the heart of humanity, and anything cherished and honoured becomes in itself a thing of intrinsic value, which cannot be regarded with indifference. The old and tattered colours of a regiment, for which men have laid down their lives—though replaced perhaps by something newer and more durable—cannot be relegated to obscurity without a pang. And any sensitive or sympathetic person, contemplating such relics hereafter, may feel some echo of the feeling with which they were regarded, and may wish to become acquainted with their history and the scenes through which they have passed.

When we say that a body is dead, we may be speaking accurately. When we say that a *person* is dead, we are using an ambiguous term; we may be referring to his discarded body, in which case we are speaking truly and with precision. But we may be referring to his personality, his character, to what is really himself; in which case though we must admit that we are speaking popularly, the term is not quite simply applicable. He has gone, he has passed on, he has "passed through the body and gone," as Browning says in *Abt Vogler*, but he is—I venture to say—certainly not dead in the same sense as the body is dead. It is his absence which allows the body to decay, he himself need be subject to no decay nor any destructive influence. Rather he is emancipated; he is freed from the burden of the flesh, though with it he has also lost those material and terrestrial potentialities which the bodily mechanism conferred upon him; and if he can exert himself on the earth any more, it can only be with some difficulty and as it were by permission and

co-operation of those still possessed of their material concomitants. It appears as if sometimes and occasionally he can still stimulate into activity suitable energetic mechanism, but his accustomed machinery for manifestation has been lost: or rather it is still there for a time, but it is out of action, it is dead.

Nevertheless inasmuch as those who have lost their material body have passed through the process of dissolution or dissociative severance which we call death, it is often customary to speak of them as dead. They are no longer living, if by living we mean associated with a material body of the old kind; and in that sense we need not hesitate to speak of them collectively as 'the dead'.

We need not be afraid of the word, nor need we resent its use or hesitate to employ it, when once we and our hearers understand the sense in which it may rightly be employed. If ideas associated with the term had always been sensible and wholesome, people need have had no compunction at all about using it. But by the populace, and by ecclesiastics also, the term has been so misused, and the ideas of people have been so confused by insistent concentration on merely physical facts, and by the necessary but over-emphasized attention to the body left behind, that it was natural for a time to employ other words, until the latent ambiguity had ceased to be troublesome. And occasionally, even now, it is well to be emphatic in this direction, in order to indicate our disagreement with the policy of harping on worms and graves and epitaphs, or on the accompanying idea of a General Resurrection, with reanimation of buried bodies. Hence, in strenuous contradiction to all this superstition, comes the use of such phrases as 'transition' or 'passing', and the occasional not strictly justifiable assertion that 'there is no death'.

For as a matter of familiar fact death there certainly is; and to deny a fact is no assistance. No one really means to deny a fact; those who say there is no death only want to divert thoughts from a side already too much emphasized, and to concentrate attention on another side. What they mean is, there is no extinction. They definitely mean to

maintain that the process called death is a mere severance of soul and body, and that the soul is freed rather than injured thereby. The body alone dies and decays ; but there is no extinction even for it—only a change. For the other part there can hardly be even a change—except a change of surroundings. It is unlikely that character and personality are liable to sudden revolutions or mutations. Potentially they may be different, because of different opportunities, but actually at the moment they are the same. Likening existence to a curve, the curvature has changed, but there is no other discontinuity.

Death is not a word to fear, any more than birth is. We change our state at birth, and come into the world of air and sense and myriad existence ; we change our state at death and enter a region of—what ? Of Ether, I think, and still more myriad existence ; a region in which communion is more akin to what we here call telepathy, and where intercourse is not conducted by the accustomed indirect physical processes ; but a region in which beauty and knowledge are as vivid as they are here : a region in which progress is possible, and in which ' admiration, hope, and love ' are even more real and dominant. It is in this sense that we can truly say, with Tennyson, ' The dead are not dead, but alive.'

For life itself is continuous, and the conditions of the whole of existence remain precisely as before. Circumstances have changed for the individual, but only in the sense that he is now aware of a different group of facts. The change of surroundings is a subjective one. The facts were of course there, all the time, as the stars are there in the daytime ; but they were out of our ken. Now these come into our ken, and others fade into memory.

The Universe is one, not two. Literally there is no ' other ' world—except in the limited and partial sense of other planets, —the Universe is one. We exist in it continuously all the time ; sometimes conscious in one way, sometimes conscious in another ; sometimes aware of a group of facts on one side of a partition, sometimes aware of another group, on the other side. But the partition is a subjective one ; we are all one family all the time, so long as the link of affection is not

broken. And, for those who believe in prayer at all, to cease from praying for the welfare of our friends because they are materially inaccessible—though perhaps spiritually more accessible than before—is to succumb unduly to the residual evil of past ecclesiastical abuses, and to lose an opportunity of happy service.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PROBLEM OF EXISTENCE

Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatsoever abysses Nature leads.—HUXLEY

PEOPLE often feel a notable difficulty in believing in the reality of continued existence. Very likely it is difficult to believe or to realize existence in what is sometimes called ' the next world ' ; but then, when we come to think of it, it is difficult to believe in existence in this world too ; it is difficult to believe in existence at all. The whole problem of existence is a puzzling one. It could by no means have been predicated *a priori*. The whole thing is a question of experience ; that is, of evidence. We know by experience that things actually do exist ; though how they came into being, and what they are all for, and what consequences they have, is more than we can tell. We have no reason for asserting that the kind we are familiar with is the only kind of existence possible, unless we choose to assert it on the ground that we have no experience of any other. But that is becoming just the question at issue : have we any evidence, either direct or indirect, for any other existence than this ? If we have, it is futile to cite in opposition to it the difficulty of believing in the reality of such an existence ; we surely ought to be guided by facts.

At this stage in the history of the human race few facts of science are better established and more widely appreciated than the main facts of Astronomy : a general acquaintance with the sizes and distances, and the enormous number, of the solar systems distributed throughout space is prevalent.

Yet to the imaginative human mind the facts, if really grasped, are overwhelming and incredible.

The sun a million times bigger than the earth ; Arcturus a hundred times bigger than the sun, and so distant that light has taken two centuries to come, though travelling at a rate able to carry it to New York and back in less than the twentieth part of a second,—facts like these are commonplaces of the nursery ; but even as bare facts they are appalling.

That the earth is a speck invisible from any one of the stars, that we are on a world which is but one among an innumerable multitude of others, ought to make us realize the utter triviality of any view of existence based upon familiarity with street and train and office, ought to give us some sense of proportion between everyday experience and ultimate reality. Even the portentous struggle in which the world was recently engaged—

> What is it all but a trouble of ants
> in the gleam of a million million of suns ?

Yet, for true interpretation, the infinite worth and vital importance of each individual human soul must be apprehended too. And that is another momentous fact, which, so far from restricting the potentialities of existence, by implication still further enlarges them. The multiplicity, the many-sidedness, the magnificence, of material existence does not dwarf the human soul ; far otherwise : it illumines and expands the stage upon which the human drama is being played, and ought to make us ready to perceive how far greater still may be the possibilities—nay, the actualities—before it, in its infinite unending progress.

That we know little about such possibilities as yet, proves nothing ;—for mark how easy it would have been to be ignorant of the existence of all the visible worlds and myriad modes of being in space. Not until the business of the day is over, and our great star has eclipsed itself behind the earth, not until the serener period of night, does the grandeur of the material universe force itself upon our attention. And, even then, let there be but a slight permanent thickening of our

atmosphere, and we should have had no revelation of any world other than our own. Under those conditions—so barely escaped from—how wretchedly meagre and limited would have been our conception of the Universe! Aye, and, unless we foolishly imagine that our circumstances are such as to have already given us a clue to every kind of possible existence, I venture to say that 'wretchedly meagre and limited' must be a true description of our conception of the Universe, even now,—even of the conception of those who have permitted themselves, with least hesitation, to follow whithersoever facts lead.

For our actual experience is strangely small. We cannot be actually conscious of more than a single instant of time. The momentary flash which we call the present, the visual image of which can be made permanent by the snap of a camera, is all of the external world that we directly apprehend. But our real existence embraces far more than that. The present, alone and isolated, would be meaningless to us; we look before and after. Our memories are thronged with the past; our anticipations range over the future; and it is in the past and the future that we really live. It is so even with the higher animals: they too order their lives by memory and anticipation. It is under the influence of the future that the animal world performs even the most trivial conscious acts. We eat, we rest, we work, all with an eye to the immediate future. The present moment is illuminated and made significant, is controlled and dominated, by experience of the past and by expectation of the future. Without any idea of the future our existence would be purely mechanical and meaningless: with too little eye to the future—a mere living from hand to mouth—it becomes monotonous and dull.

Hence it is right that humanity, transcending merely animal scope, should seek to answer questions concerning its origin and destiny, and should regard with intense interest every clue to the problems of 'whence' and 'whither'.

It is no doubt possible, as always, to overstep the happy mean, and by absorption in and premature concern with future interests to lose the benefit and the training of this present life. But although we may rightly decide to live

with full vigour in the present, and do our duty from moment to moment, yet in order to be full-flavoured and really intelligent beings—not merely with mechanical drift following the line of least resistance—we ought to be aware that there is a future,—a future determined to some extent by action in the present; and it is only reasonable that we should seek to ascertain, roughly and approximately, what sort of future it is likely to be.

Inquiry into survival, and into the kind of experience through which we shall all certainly have to go in a few years, is therefore eminently sane, and may be vitally significant. It may colour all our actions, and give a vivid meaning both to human history and to personal experience.

If death is not extinction, then on the other side of dissolution mental activity must continue, and must be interacting with other mental activity. For the fact of telepathy proves that bodily organs are not absolutely essential to communication of ideas. Mind turns out to be able to act directly on mind, and stimulate it into response by other than material means. Thought does not belong to the material region: although it is able to exert an influence on that region through mechanism provided by vitality. Yet the means whereby it accomplishes the feat are essentially unknown, and the fact that such interaction is possible would be strange and surprising if we were not too much accustomed to it. It is reasonable to suppose that the mind can be more at home, and more directly and more exuberantly active, when the need for such interaction between psychical and physical—or let us more safely and specifically say between mental and material—no longer exists, when the restricting influence of brain and nerve mechanism is removed, and when some of the limitations connected with bodily location in space are ended.

Experience must be our guide.

CHAPTER XXIII

INTERACTION OF MIND AND MATTER

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

Æneid, vi, 726

LIFE and mind and consciousness do not belong to the material region; whatever they are in themselves, they are manifestly something quite distinct from matter and energy, and yet they utilize the material and dominate it.

Matter is arranged and moved by means of energy, but often at the behest of life and mind. Mind does not itself exert force, nor does it enter into the scheme of physics, and yet it indirectly brings about results which otherwise would not have happened. It definitely causes movements and arrangements or constructions to be of a purposed character. A bird grows a feather, and a bird builds a nest: I doubt if there is less design in the one case than in the other. How life achieves the guidance, how even it accomplishes the movements, is a mystery, but that it does accomplish them is a commonplace of observation. From the motion of a finger to the construction of an aeroplane, there is but a succession of steps. From the growth of a weed to the flight of an eagle, —from a yeast granule at one end, to the human body at the other,—the organizing power of life over matter is conspicuous.

Who can doubt the supremacy of the spiritual over the material? It is a fact which, illustrated by trivial instances, may be pressed to the most portentous consequences.

If interaction between mind and matter really occurs,

and if both are persistent and enduring entities, there is no limit to the possibilities under which such interaction may occur—no limit which can be laid down beforehand,—we must be guided and instructed solely by experience.

Whether the results produced are styled miraculous or not, depends upon our knowledge,—our knowledge of all the powers latent in nature, our knowledge of all the intelligences which exist. A savage on his first encounter with white men must have come into contact with what to him was supernatural. A letter, a gun, even artificial teeth, have all aroused superstition; while a telegram must be obviously miraculous, to anyone intelligent enough to perceive the wonder. A colony of bees, unused to the ministrations or interference of man, might puzzle itself over the provision made for its habitation and activities, if it had intelligence enough to ponder the matter. So human beings, if they are open-minded and developed enough to contemplate all the happenings in which they are concerned, have been led to recognize guidance; and they have responded to the perception by the worshipful attitude of religion. In other words, they have essentially recognized the existence of a Power transcending ordinary nature—a Power that may properly be called supernatural.

MEANING OF THE TERM BODY

Our experience of bodies here and now is that they are composed of material particles derived from the earth, whether they be bodies animated by vegetable or by animal forms of life. But I take it that the real meaning of the term 'body' is a *means of manifestation*,—a physical mode of manifestation adopted by something which without such instrument or organ would be in a different and elusive category. Why should we say that bodies must be made of matter? Surely only because we know of nothing else of which they could be made; but lack of knowledge is not very efficient as an argument. True, if they were made of anything else they would not be apparent to us now, with our particular evolutionally-derived sense organs; for these

only inform us about matter and its properties. Constructions built of Ether would have no chance of appealing to our senses, they would not be apparent to us; they would therefore not be what we ordinarily call bodies: to fulfil our present requirements the utilization of matter is necessary for an effective body. In order to become apparent to us, a psychical or vital entity must enter the material realm, and either clothe itself with, or temporarily assimilate, material particles.

It may be that etherial bodies do not exist; the burden of proof rests upon those who conceive of their possible existence; but we are bound to admit that even if they did exist, they would make no impression on our senses. If ever an impression is made on our present senses by discarnate beings it must be because, by aid of some mediumistic faculty, they occasionally and exceptionally interact with ordinary matter, or subject themselves to an initial stage of what is called materialization. But, as a rule, if there are any intelligences in another order of existence interlocked with ours, and if they can in any sense be supposed to have bodies at all, those bodies must be made either of Ether or of something equally intangible to us in our present condition.

It may be said that what is intangible ought to be invisible and incapable of being photographed. It may be so; but that does not follow: for light is an etherial phenomenon. Ether and Ether may interact, just as matter and matter interact; but interaction between Ether and matter remains peculiarly elusive. Such interaction only occurs through the intervention of an electric charge; and precisely how that is related to the Ether no one yet knows.

Yet, though intangible and elusive, we have reason to know that Ether is substantial enough,—far more substantial indeed than matter, which turns out to be a rare and filmy insertion in, or modification of, the Ether of Space; and a different set of sense organs might make the Ether eclipse matter in availability and usefulness. In my book *The Ether of Space* this thesis is elaborated from a purely physical point of view.

I wish, however, to make no positive assertion concerning

the possible psychical use of the Ether of Space. Anything of that kind must be speculative ; the only bodies we now know of in actual fact are material bodies, and we must be guided by facts. Yet we must not shut the door prematurely on other possibilities ; and we can remember that inspired writers have contemplated what they term a spiritual body. I believe that that is a solid truth, and I surmise that such a body will turn out to be a physical reality, although not a material or molecular one. That is to say, our idealistic and transcendental selves will hereafter be permanently associated with the Ether, for activity and intercommunion, as we are now temporarily associated with matter. Nay, I hold that we are already associated with Ether, here and now, and have only to drop our material embodiment in order to be emancipated from the flesh and enter a higher kind of existence, for which this imprisonment in and conflict with matter was preparatory.

CHAPTER XXIV

'RESURRECTION OF THE BODY'

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never.

EDWIN ARNOLD

IN the whole unknown drama of the soul the episode of bodily existence must have profound significance. Matter cannot only be obstructive, even usefully obstructive,—by which is meant the kind of obstruction which stimulates to effort and trains for power, like the hurdles in an obstacle race,—it must be auxiliary too. Whatever may be the case with external matter, the body itself is certainly an auxiliary, so long as it is in health and strength; and it gives opportunity for the development of the soul in new and unexpected ways—ways in which but for earth-life its practice would be deficient. This it is which makes calamity of too short a life.

But let us not be over-despondent about the tragedy of recent times. It may be that the concentrated training and courageous facing of fate which in most cases must have accompanied voluntary entry into a dangerous war, compensates in intensity what it lacks in duration, and that the benefit of bodily terrestrial life is not so much lost by violent death of that kind as might at first appear. Yet even with some such assurance, the spectacle of thousands of youths in full vigour and joy of life having their earthly future violently wrenched from them, amid scenes of grim horror and nerve-racking noise and confusion, is one which cannot and ought not to be regarded with equanimity. It is a bad and unnatural truncation of an important part of each individual

career, a part which might have done much to develop faculties and enlarge experience.

Meanwhile, the very fact that we lament so sincerely this dire and man-caused fate, serves to illustrate the view we inevitably take that the earth-body is not only a means of manifestation but is a real servant of the soul,—that flesh can in some sense help spirit as spirit can undoubtedly help flesh,—and that while its very weaknesses are serviceable and stimulating, its strength is exhilarating and superb. The faculties and powers developed in the animal kingdom during all the millions of years of evolution, and now inherited for better for worse by man, are not to be despised. Those therefore who are able to think that some of the essential elements or attributes of the body are carried forward into a higher life—quite irrespective of the manifestly discarded material particles which never were important to the body, for they were always in perpetual flux as individual molecules —those, I say, who think that the *value* derived and acquired through the body survives, and becomes a permanent possession of the soul, may well feel that they can employ the mediaeval phrase 'resurrection of the body' to express their perception. They may feel that it is a truth which needs emphasizing all the more from its lack of obviousness. These old phrases, consecrated by long usage, and familiar to all the saints, though their early and superficial meaning is evidently superseded, may be found to have an inner and spiritual significance which when once grasped should be kept in memory, and brought before attention, and sustained against challenge : in no case should they be lightly or hastily discarded.

It seems not altogether fanciful to trace some similarity, or analogy, between the ideas about inheritance usually associated with the name of Weismann, and the inheritance or conveyance of bodily attributes, or of powers acquired through the body, into the future life of the soul.

When considering whether anything, or what, is likely to be permanent, the answer turns upon whether or not the soul has been affected. Mere bodily accidents of course are temporary ; loss of an arm or an eye is no more carried on

as a permanent disfigurement than it is transmissible to offspring. But, apart from accidents which may happen to the body, there are some evil things—rendered accessible by and definitely associated with the body—which assault and hurt the soul. And the effect of these is transmissible, and may become permanent. Habits which write their mark on the countenance—whether the writing be good or bad—are not likely to take effect on the body alone. And in this sense also future existence may be either glorified or stained, for a time, by persistence of bodily traits,—by this kind of 'resurrection of the body'.

Furthermore it is found that although bodily marks, scars and wounds, are clearly not of soul-compelling and permanent character, yet for purposes of identification, and when re-entering the physical atmosphere for the purpose of communication with friends, these temporary marks are re-assumed; just as the general appearance at the remembered age, and details connected with clothes and little unessential tricks of manner, may—in some unknown sense—be assumed too.

And it is to this category that I would attribute the curious interest still felt in old personal possessions. They are attended to and recalled, not for what by a shopman is called their 'value', but because they furnish useful and welcome evidence of identity; they are like the *pièces de conviction* brought up at a trial, they bear silent witness to remembered fact. And in so far as the disposal or treatment of them by survivors is evidence of the regard in which their late owner was held, it is unlikely that they should have suddenly become matters of complete indifference. Nothing human, in the sense of affecting the human spirit, can be considered foreign to a friendly and sympathetic soul, even though his new preoccupations and industries and main activities are of a different order. It appears as if, for the few moments of renewed earthly intercourse, the newer surroundings shrink for a time into the background. They are remembered, but not vividly. Indeed it seems difficult to live in both worlds at once, especially after the lifelong practice here of living almost exclusively in one. Those whose existence here was

coloured or ennobled by wider knowledge and higher aims seem likely to have the best chance of conveying instructive information across the boundary; though their developed powers may be of such still higher value, that only from a sense of duty or in a missionary spirit can they be expected to absent them from felicity a while in order to help the brethren.

CHAPTER XXV

ATTITUDE OF THE WISE AND PRUDENT

The vagueness and confusion inevitable at the beginning of a novel line of research, [are] naturally distasteful to the *savant* accustomed to proceed by measurable increments of knowledge from experimental bases already assured. Such a one, if he reads this book, may feel as though he had been called away from an ordnance survey, conducted with a competent staff and familiar instruments, to plough slowly with inexperienced mariners through some strange ocean where beds of entangling seaweed cumber the trackless way. We accept the analogy; but we would remind him that even floating weeds of novel genera may foreshow a land unknown; and that it was not without ultimate gain to men that the straining keels of Columbus first pressed through the Sargasso Sea.'—F. W. H. M., Introduction to *Phantasms of the Living*

IT is rather remarkable that the majority of learned men have closed their minds to what have seemed bare and simple facts to many people. Those who call themselves spiritualists have an easy and simple faith; they interpret their experiences in the most straightforward and unsophisticated manner, and some of them have shown unfortunately that they can be led into credulity and error, without much difficulty, by unscrupulous people. Nevertheless, that simple-hearted folk are most accessible to new facts seems to be rather accordant with history. Whenever, not by reasoning but by direct experience, knowledge has been enlarged, or when a revelation has come to the human race through the agency of higher powers, it is not the wise but the simple who are first to receive it. This cannot be used as an argument either way; the simple may be mistaken, and may too blithely interpret their sense-impressions in the most obvious

manner ; just as on the other hand the eyes of the learned may be closed to anything which appears disconnected from their previous knowledge. For after all it is inevitable that any really new order of things must be so disconnected ; some little time must elapse before the weight of facts impel the learned in a new direction ; and meanwhile the unlearned may be absorbing direct experience, and in their own fashion may be forging ahead. It is an example of the ancient paradox propounded in and about 1 Cor. i, 26 ; and no fault need be found with what is natural.

Now the phenomena encountered in psychical research have long ago suggested an explanation, in terms of other than living human intelligences, which may be properly called spiritistic. Every kind of alternative explanation, including the almost equally unorthodox one of telepathy from living people, has been tried : and these attempts have been necessary and perfectly legitimate. If they had succeeded, well and good ; but inasmuch as in my judgment there are phenomena which they cannot explain, and inasmuch as some form of spiritistic hypothesis,—given certain postulates,—explains practically all, I have found myself driven back on what I may call the common-sense explanation.

Meanwhile the attitude of such scientific men as hold aloof from this study is perfectly intelligible ; and not unreasonable, except when they forget their self-imposed limitations and cultivate a baseless negative philosophy. People who study mechanism of course find Mechanics, and if the mechanism is physiological they find Physics and Chemistry as well ; but they are not thereby compelled to deny the existence of everything else. They need not philosophize at all, though they should be able to realize their philosophical position when it is pointed out. The business of science is to trace out the mode of action of the laws of Chemistry and Physics, everywhere and under all circumstances. Those laws appear to be of universal application throughout the material Universe,—in the most distant star as well as on the earth,—in the animal organism as well as in inorganic matter ; and the study of their action alone has proved an ample task.

But scientific workers are sometimes thought to be philoso-

phizing seriously when they should be understood as really only expressing the limited scope of their special subject. Laplace, for instance, is often misunderstood, because, when challenged about the place of God in his system, he said that he had no need of such a hypothesis,—a dictum often quoted as if it were atheistical. It is not necessarily anything of the kind. As a brief statement it is right, though rather unconciliatory and blunt. He was trying to explain astronomy on clear and definite mechanical principles, and the introduction of a ' finger of God ' would have been not only an unwarrantable complication but a senseless intrusion. Not an intrusion or a complication in the Universe, be it understood, but in Laplace's scheme, his *Systéme du Monde*. Yet Browning's ' flash of the will that can ' in *Abt Vogler*, with all that the context implies, remains essentially and permanently true.

Theologians who admit that the Deity always works through agents and rational means can grant to scientific workers all that they legitimately claim in the positive direction, and can encourage them in the detailed study of those agents and means. If people knew more about science, and the atmosphere in which scientific men work, they would be better able to interpret occasional rather rash negations ; which are quite explicable in terms of the artificial limitation of range which physical science hitherto has wisely laid down for itself.

It is a true instinct which resents the mediaeval practice of freely introducing occult and unknown causes into working science. To attribute the rise of sap, for instance, to a ' vital force ' would be absurd, it would be giving up the problem and stating nothing at all. Progress in science began when spiritual and transcendental causes were eliminated and treated as non-existent. The simplicity so attained was congenial to the scientific type of mind ; the abstraction was eminently useful, and was justified by results. Yet unknown causes of an immaterial and even of a spiritual kind may in reality exist, and may influence or produce phenomena, for all that ; and it may have to be the business of science to discover and begin to attend to them, as soon as the ordinary

solid ground-plan of Nature has been made sufficiently secure.

Some of us—whether wisely or unwisely—now want to enlarge the recognized scope of physical science, so as gradually to take a wider purview and include more of the totality of things. That is what the Society for Psychical Research was established for,—to begin extending the range of scientific law and order, by patient exploration, in a comparatively new region. The effort has been resented, and at first ridiculed, only because misunderstood. The effort may be ambitious, but it is perfectly legitimate ; and if it fails it fails.

But advance in new directions may be wisely slow, and it is readily admissible that Societies devoted to long-established branches of science are right to resist extraneous novelties, as long as possible, and leave the study of occult phenomena to a Society established for the purpose. Outlandish territories may in time be incorporated as States, but they must make their claim good and become civilized first.

Yet unfamiliar causes must be introduced from time to time into systematized knowledge, unless our scrutiny of the Universe is already exhaustive. Unpalatable facts can be ruled out from attention, but they cannot without investigation be denied. Strange facts do really happen, even though unprovided for in our sciences. Amid their orthodox relations, they may be regarded as a nuisance. The feeling they cause is as if capricious or mischievous live things had been allowed to intrude into the determinate apparatus of a physical laboratory, thereby introducing hopeless complexity and appearing superficially to interfere with established laws. To avoid such alien incursion a laboratory can be locked ; but the Universe can not. And if ever, under any circumstances, we actually do encounter the interaction of intelligences other than that of living men, we shall sooner or later become aware of the fact, and shall ultimately have to admit it into a more comprehensive scheme of existence.

The evidence, in one form and another, has been crudely before the human race from remote antiquity ; only it has been treated in ways more or less obfuscated by superstition. The same sort of occurrences as were known to Virgil, and to

many another seer—the same sort of experiences as are found by folk-lore students, not only in history but in every part of the earth to-day—are happening now in a scientific age, and sometimes under scientific scrutiny. Hence it is that from the scientific point of view progress is at length being made ; and anyone with a real desire to know the truth need not lack evidence, if he will first read the records with an open mind, and then bide his time and be patient till an opportunity for first-hand critical observation is vouchsafed him. The opportunity may occur at any time : the readiness is all. Really clinching evidence in such a case is never in the past ; a *prima facie* case for investigation is established by the records, but real conviction must be attained by first-hand experience in the present.

The things to be investigated are either true or false. If false, pertinacious inquiry will reveal their falsity. If true, they are profoundly important. For there are no half-truths in Nature ; every smallest new departure has portentous consequences ; our eyes must open slowly, or we should be overwhelmed. I once likened the feeling of physical investigators in the year 1889 to that of a boy who had long been strumming on the keyboard of a deserted organ into which an unseen power had begun to blow a vivifying breath.[1] That was at the beginning of the series of revolutionary discoveries about radiation and the nature of matter which have since resounded through the world. And now once more the touch of a finger elicits a responsive note, and again the boy hesitates, half delighted, half affrighted, at the chords which it would seem he can now summon forth almost at will.

[1] *Modern Views of Electricity*, p. 408 of third edition.

CHAPTER XXVI

OUTLOOK ON THE UNIVERSE

WHAT then is the conclusion of the whole matter? Or rather, what effect have these investigations had upon my own outlook on the Universe? The question is not so unimportant as it seems; because if the facts are to influence others they must have influenced myself too; and that is the only influence of which I have first-hand knowledge. It must not be supposed that my outlook has changed appreciably in consequence of the event and the particular experiences related in the foregoing pages: my conclusion had been gradually forming itself for years, though undoubtedly it was based on experience of the same sort of thing. But this event has strengthened and liberated my testimony. It can now be associated with a private experience of my own, instead of with the private experiences of others. So long as one was dependent on evidence connected, even indirectly connected, with the bereavement of others, one had to be reticent and cautious and in some cases silent. Only by special permission could any portion of the facts be reproduced; and that permission might in important cases be withheld. My own deductions were the same then as they are now, but the facts are now my own.

One little point of difference, between the time before and the time after, has however become manifest. In the old days, if I sat with a medium, I was never told of any serious imaginary bereavement which had befallen myself—beyond the natural and inevitable losses from an older generation which fall to the lot of every son of man. But now, if I or any member of my family goes anonymously to a genuine medium, giving not the slightest normal clue, my son is quickly to the fore and continues his clear and convincing series of evidences; sometimes giving testimony of a critically selected kind, sometimes contenting himself with friendly family chaff and reminiscences, but always acting in a manner

consistent with his personality and memories and varying moods. If in any case a given medium had weak power, or if there were special difficulties encountered on a given occasion, he is aware of the fact ; and he refers to it, when there is opportunity, through another totally disconnected medium (cf. Chap. XVII, and pp. 174 and 176). In every way he has shown himself anxious to give convincing evidence. Moreover he wants me to speak out ; and I shall.

I am as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, you cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions : he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ. The dynamical theory of heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity, of cohesion, aye and his apprehension of the Ether itself, lead him into regions where sight and hearing and touch are impotent as direct witnesses, where they are no longer efficient guides. In such regions everything has to be interpreted in terms of the insensible, the apparently unsubstantial, and in a definite sense the imaginary. Yet these regions of knowledge are as clear and vivid to him as are any of those encountered in everyday occupations ; indeed most commonplace phenomena themselves require interpretation in terms of ideas more subtle,—the apparent solidity of matter itself demands explanation,—and the underlying non-material entities of a physicist's conception becomes gradually as real and substantial as anything he knows. As Lord Kelvin used to say, when in a paradoxical mood, we really know more about electricity than we know about matter.

That being so, I shall go further and say that I am reasonably convinced of the existence of grades of being, not only lower in the scale than man, but higher also, grades of every order of magnitude from zero to infinity. And I know by experience that among these beings are some who care for and help and guide humanity, not disdaining to enter even into what must seem petty details, if by so doing they can assist souls striving on their upward course. And further it

is my faith—however humbly it may be held—that among these lofty beings, highest of those who concern themselves directly with this earth of all the myriads of worlds in infinite space, is One on whom the right instinct of Christianity has always lavished heartfelt reverence and devotion.

Those who think that the day of that Messiah is over are strangely mistaken: it has hardly begun. In individual souls Christianity has flourished and borne fruit, but for the ills of the world itself it is an almost untried panacea. It will be strange if this ghastly war fosters and simplifies and improves a knowledge of Christ, and aids a perception of the ineffable beauty of His life and teaching: yet stranger things have happened; and, whatever the Churches may do, I believe that the call of Christ himself will be heard and attended to, by a large part of humanity in the near future, as never yet it has been heard or attended to on earth.

My own time down here is getting short; it matters little: but I dare not go till I have borne this testimony to the grace and truth which emanate from that divine Being,—the realization of whose tender-hearted simplicity and love for man may have been overlaid at times and almost lost amid well-intentioned but inappropriate dogma, but who is accessible as always to the humble and meek.

Intercommunion between the states or grades of existence is not limited to messages from friends and relatives, or to conversation with personalities of our own order of magnitude, —that is only a small and verifiable portion of the whole truth,—intercourse between the states carries with it occasional, and sometimes unconscious, communion with lofty souls who have gone before. The truth of such continued influence corresponds with the highest of the Revelations vouchsafed to humanity. This truth, when assimilated by man, means an assurance of the reality of prayer, and a certainty of gracious sympathy and fellow-feeling from One who never despised the suffering, the sinful, or the lowly; yea, it means more—it means nothing less than the possibility, some day, of a glance or a word of approval from the Eternal Christ.

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